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New Foundations at Chartwell

"THE King is dead, long live the King." Having made certain—so far as anything can be certain in French politics—that E.D.C. will be voted down early next week, M. Mendès-France proposes to build another European Defence Community more to his liking. That, we can be sure, was the purpose of his flying visit to Chartwell. After all, the British Prime Minister was the man who launched the idea of a European army at Strasbourg and even proposed himself as its first Defence Minister. But Sir Winston had no liking for the supra-national structure which was the chief characteristic of E.D.C. in its final form. This unworkable piece of bureaucratic machinery had been evolved, partly in order to win the support of the influential federalist movement in Western Europe, and partly to provide safeguards against the emergence of a sovereign German State free to use its military strength to further its own ambition. Since he shares the French Prime Minister's scepticism about it, Sir Winston might well be prepared to consider British participation in a European army once the federal lumber had been swept off the stage.

But Sir Winston's personal encouragement will not be sufficient to enable M. Mendès-France to survive the struggle ahead. At the Brussels Conference it was ominously revealed that he has united the rest of the E.D.C. Governments against France. Headed by Dr. Adenauer and encouraged by Mr. Dulles, they will do little to assist him. Moreover, in his own country, he has antagonised all those forces —particularly in the M.R.P. and the Socialist Party—which supported the European idea. If E.D.C. is defeated next week, French politicians will be forced to face the difficult immediate consequences. In the first place, as Mr. Eisenhower and Sir Winston announced in July, West Germany will at once be granted those sovereign rights contained in the Bonn Agreement. Then negotiations will begin for the rearmament of the Federal Republic by some method other than E.D.C. This could, if things went well, mean a European army with some safeguards against German nationalism. But it could also mean a German national army covered with a camouflage sheet of European phrases.

M. Mendès-France is far too clear-sighted to have overlooked these risks. But in the circumstances he could not avoid taking them. Moreover, he hopes that whatever Treaty is substituted for E.D.C., it will not have to be implemented until *after* another Four Power Conference has been held. In his view, Western agreement on the method of rearming Western Germany might improve the chances of agreement with Russia. For two years Mr. Molotov has not needed to negotiate in order to prevent German rearmament. But once he is presented with the *fait accompli* of a Treaty, the Western Powers could say (if M. Mendès-France gets his way): "This is your last chance. Either agree to a plan for peaceful unification by free elections or take the consequences."

If our elucidation of the French Prime Minister's plan of action is correct, we are in for some months of intense negotiation. The first phase, which begins on Saturday, exclusively concerns France. M. Mendès-France has to maintain the unity of his Cabinet and assure himself of a Parliamentary majority. Now that he has announced that the vote on E.D.C. will not be one of confidence the chances are that he will do so. Next he has to agree, without delay, the terms of the treaty which will replace the Bonn Agreement; and that test also he should survive. The real ordeal will come when the discussion of the new framework for German rearmament begins. He will find West Germany's demands far stiffer than they were two years ago, and he must reckon that the Americans, irritated by what they regard as the intolerable vacillation of a decadent French nation, are likely to back Dr. Adenauer.

In this ordeal everything depends on Britain; and Government and Opposition each has its role to play. Now that E.D.C.

is dying, a few months after the official Labour leadership misguidedly espoused it, we hope that the Labour Party can close its ranks. In the new situation, Mr. Attlee can surely join with the German Socialists in demanding another Four Power Conference, and put forward at Scarborough Labour's own compromise proposal for breaking the Berlin deadlock. Inevitably, however, the heaviest responsibility falls on Sir Winston and Mr. Eden. If, despite M. Mendès-France's appeal, they dutifully follow the American line, the result will be the creation of a German national army without any Four Power Conference at all, and the net effect of the French Prime Minister's dynamic leadership will have been to substitute the greater evil of a rearmed sovereign Germany for the rather less evil of E.D.C.

This unfortunate result can still be prevented if the *Entente Cordiale*, resurrected so miraculously at Geneva, is strengthened in the months ahead. By offering to enter a de-federalised European Army, the Conservative Government could provide the balancing factor which France has always demanded and never obtained in her relations with Western Germany. By joining with the French Prime Minister in insisting on a Four Power Conference before the new Treaty is implemented, they could make sure that a genuine effort is at last made to reach a peaceful settlement of the German problem with the Soviet Union. Never was there a time when Franco-British collaboration and mutual understanding were more essential than they are today.

Report to the T.U.C.

The annual report of the T.U.C. General Council is a complacent document which shows that the union leaders are moderately well pleased with life in Mr. Butler's Britain. It mildly reproves the Government for permitting dividend increases—a "continual irritant" which "weakens the influence" of union officials who realise that "money wage increases" often bring only temporary advantage—and it argues that the removal of controls has made the British economy more vulnerable to any American recession. But there is nothing in this report to frighten the Chancellor with the spectre of militant unionism. On the contrary, the present favourable turn in the terms of trade, coupled with the wage advances of the last year, has meant that the real wages of most skilled workers have been more or less stable. There is no doubt, moreover, that some of the General Council members have found that the return to a business economy has made their lives easier rather than more difficult. They need no longer act as semi-official spokesmen for Government economic policy—an unpopular task that they performed with considerable courage—and can revert to their traditional role of cautious negotiation.

The passage in this report that Mr. Butler will find most interesting is the statement that the T.U.C. will no longer oppose an increase in National Insurance contributions, to finance improved benefits, provided that the Exchequer supplement is restored from one-seventh to one-fifth. Now, as this same report makes clear, the lower-paid workers—especially if they have large families—have not done so well as skilled men in the last year. To increase the flat-rate contribution, which is a regressive poll-tax, would be to add to their burden. By agreeing to a higher weekly payment the General Council is not being as realistic as it pretends; it is yielding to the current panic about pension costs. If it were really hard-headed it would shake off its unreal fear that if pensions were paid in full to workers remaining in employment after retirement age they would come to be "regarded as a subsidy for wages." It would also begin to think seriously about financing social insurance by some form of progressive taxation, and about eliminating the cumbersome contribution system altogether.

Purge at Unesco

Mr. Luther Evans, the Director-General of Unesco, has terminated the appointment of four American employees—whose contracts are due for renewal—on the grounds that their refusal to appear before a U.S. loyalty board is not "consistent with the high standards of integrity" required by Unesco. Three other employees, who have indefinite contracts, have been told that their cases are being referred to the General Conference which meets at Montevideo in November. This purge, which has been instituted under pressure from the State Department, has the gravest implications. Mr. Evans does not claim that any evidence of disloyalty by the seven employees concerned has been presented to him. The grounds for his action are simply that the staff members have not done whatever they could to "dispel any suspicions and disprove any allegations" which might reflect on their "suitability for employment." He claims that by refusing to appear before the U.S. loyalty board when it visited Paris, these staff members are liable to bring suspicion on the whole Organisation. In his letter of dismissal, Mr. Evans goes further. By insisting that any Member of State can lay information against one of its nationals—and the present cases show that, where the U.S. is concerned, Mr. Evans is prepared to act even before any evidence is presented to him—the Director-General is undermining the whole concept of an international civil service, and destroying the morale and integrity of the Organisation he directs. Are Spanish Republicans, for instance, to be purged because they refuse to appear before a Franco loyalty board?

The Men Between

Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick must have heaved a sigh of relief when he read the name of the second prominent German to cross to East Berlin. The defection of Dr. John, well known as a British protégé, had undermined the position of all the anti-Nazis in West Germany who were in Britain during the war, and enabled the ex-Nazis to claim that only men who were loyal to the Third Reich could be regarded as reliable defenders of the Federal Republic in the battle against Communism. Since Dr. Karl Franz Schmidt-Wittmack—who made a carefully organised disappearance, accompanied by his family and carrying secret papers—was a prominent Nazi, this campaign will now be brought to a halt. A practising Catholic and, in the 1930s, an outstanding Hitler Youth leader, he had served loyally throughout the war as an officer who had no truck with the conspiracy of July 20. Since 1945 he has built up a successful business in Hamburg and gone into politics as an extreme Right-wing member of the C.D.U. In the Bonn Parliament he was active in the Parliamentary committees which deal with Defence and E.D.C. According to Sefton Delmer, he has been associated with Dr. Globke and Dr. Blankenhorn, the two ex-Nazis who run Dr. Adenauer's Chancellory, and he has not been afraid of expressing his contempt for liberal democracy. If Dr. John's defection showed that the anti-Nazi Left is unreliable, Dr. Wittmack has now discredited the Right as well. It will be interesting to see whether he will be able to provide some evidence to support Dr. John's repeated assertion that the E.D.C. Treaty contains secret clauses.

Indonesian Policy

The Indonesian Parliament will most likely ratify the agreement signed in Holland recently by which the Netherlands-Indonesian Union is abolished. Formed in December, 1949, to regularise the relations between the Republic and Holland, it was never more than a functionless symbol. The new agreement also recognises that Indonesia is a Unitary State, not the Federation which the Dutch had sponsored. These changes are important psychologically to the whole nation. Relations between the two countries will formally, at least, be those of two independent countries. But the Dutch bargained hard on economic clauses and Indonesian economy remains far too dependent on that of its ex-rulers. They also refused to discuss the vexed question of West Irian. President Sukarno has since announced that as Holland has failed to abide by the U.N. sponsored Round Table Conference Agreement of 1949, that West Irian's future should be settled by negotiations, Indonesia has requested that this issue should be placed on the Agenda of the General Assembly. Like the Portuguese settlements in India, West Irian has not only colonial prestige but strategic bases that are admittedly valuable to the Western Powers. Mr. Casey, who leads Australia's delegation to the Seato Conference, has already announced that he would resist Indonesia's request; West Irian (Dutch New Guinea) was of great strategic importance to Australia (which rules the eastern part of the island), and Canberra's policy was to support Dutch sovereignty.

Hull Dockers

Like every dock dispute in recent years, the strike at Hull has become a three-cornered affair, with the strikers at odds with their employers and with their union, the T. & G.W. In this case, however, there are some novel features. First of all, the strike started when a dozen Cardiff men were transferred to Hull, and protesting that the methods used there for unloading grain were "prehistoric," they walked out, taking the Hull men with them. Secondly, the strikers have demanded modern machinery, which would reduce both the number of men required for grain ships and the cost of unloading—and this is a sharp contrast to previous

strikes against "speed-up" and new handling methods. In the third place, the strike leaders have been urging the men to break away from the T. & G.W. and to go over in a body to the National Amalgamated Stevedores and Dockers. The Transport Workers will undoubtedly fight such a move to the end. They will invoke the Bridlington agreement of 1939, which binds unions not to accept members from any organisation affiliated to the T.U.C. which is engaged in a trade dispute. It could be argued, possibly, that the T. & G.W. is not itself "in dispute," as the strike is unofficial. But Mr. Deakin could not tolerate such a disruptive precedent.

L.C.C. Restaurants

The Minister of Food's decision that all the L.C.C.'s civic restaurants must be closed will be a severe blow to thousands of city clerks. They will hardly be appeased by Lord Beaverbrook, who told them, in the *Daily Express*, that when they pay more in an ordinary restaurant they will have the consolation of knowing that their meal is no longer subsidised. Even harder hit will be the incapacitated old people whose home service of hot meals was provided from the kitchens of the civic restaurants. Major Lloyd George, however, can justify his action fully in terms of the Civic Restaurant Act of 1947, and remind us that that Act was passed by a Labour Government. Thanks to the concessions to the restaurant-keepers' lobby, the 1947 Act made it virtually impossible for civic restaurants to survive for many years. In particular, it forbade them to carry over their profits from one year to another, and to build up the reserve which municipal restaurants require as much as private restaurants if they are to compete successfully.

PARIS

Lesson of Brussels

Our Paris Correspondent writes: Most people agree that M. Mendès-France's approach to E.D.C. has the virtue of logic. Until he took office, he had given very little serious thought to the problem, but he had realised that the prolonged controversy was gradually bringing the French political machine to a complete standstill. Hence the urgent need for some sort of a solution. Secondly, he realised that the Assembly was unwilling to ratify the Treaty as it stood, even if the various preconditions were fulfilled. Thirdly, he recognised that his Government could not reject the Treaty outright, not merely for internal political reasons (the support of the Socialists and the M.R.P. are, in his view, essential if his Government is to survive for any length of time), but also because this would inevitably lead to France's diplomatic isolation. All these considerations persuaded him that the correct first step was therefore to produce, as soon as possible, an alternative compromise which could be accepted both by the Assembly and by France's allies.

So far so good. When, however, the Premier asked General Koenig and M. Bourgès-Manoury, the leading protagonists of the opposing sides in his Cabinet, to evolve a compromise, they met with complete failure. At this point it was fairly clear that a genuine compromise was out of the question as far as the Assembly was concerned. But it was equally clear that he could not simply inform the other signatory Powers that he had failed. He therefore produced his own compromise, based on the lowest possible common denominator of agreement, and submitted it to his Cabinet. The Cabinet eventually accepted it (at the cost of three resignations), on the assumption that it would be rejected by the other signatories at Brussels, but it was obvious from reactions in the country that it stood little chance of passing the Assembly. Nevertheless, M. Mendès-France took it with him to Brussels, rightly assuming that if, by some chance, it was accepted, then the pro-E.D.C. elements in France would either have to accept it themselves or recognise their obligation to produce an alternative; on the other hand, if it was rejected, he would at least have clarified the French position.

As it turned out, the Brussels conference was much more than a gesture. Indeed, for Mendès-France, it was an important lesson. It brought him face to face, for the first time, with the realities of E.D.C. Right from the start, the other five Ministers preserved towards him an attitude of suspicion which occasionally degenerated into outright hostility. At one point, M. Spaak voiced the feeling of his colleagues with shattering frankness: "You are not," he remarked to Mendès-France, "as good a European as your predecessors." M. Mendès-France treated this remark with great seriousness, not merely because it revealed the state of mind of the other signatory Governments, but because it reinforced, in a very striking manner, the arguments of French critics of the Treaty who claim that its supranational clauses will place France in a permanent minority of one. "It was," declared Gaston Palewski afterwards, "a foretaste of what daily life would be like in Little Europe." More than that, the Conference as a whole convinced Mendès-France that E.D.C. in its present form is not a viable institution unless all the participating countries are governed by Christian Democrat or federalist majorities; and this conviction has now been widely reflected in the French press.

ROME

Après Lui, Le Déluge ?

Our Rome Correspondent writes: The news last week of Signor De Gasperi's sudden death produced a genuine wave of sorrow in which even his opponents seemed willing to sink their political differences. For the Communists, Signor Togliatti recalled the joint struggle against Fascism; Signor Nenni, for the Socialists, voiced in addition a more personal distress. The sole dissentients were the neo-Fascist M.S.I., whose organ, *Il Secolo*, soft-pedalled the story and printed a notably chilly obituary. Not until the next day did more dispassionate appraisals reach the Italian press. Then, the Demochristian and moderate Right-wing newspapers emphasised his virtues as a "European," a Christian, and a moderate, while the Left pointed out that the *immobilisme* of his domestic policy was forced on him by the deep divisions within his own Party. His tactical skill held the Demochristians together for ten years, and even secured a precarious unity throughout the crises which have shaken it since the 1953 elections. The problems of the moment are, first, who is to succeed De Gasperi, and, secondly, whether party unity can still be maintained.

One of the first to make a political statement was Signor Fanfani, whose abortive Premiership last January was followed at the recent Naples Congress by his election as Demochristian Party Secretary. In a press interview in Florence, and later in an address to his Party colleagues, Fanfani quoted letters from Signor De Gasperi which were freely interpreted by his supporters as a "political testament" leaving the reins in his hands. An adroit political organiser, he controls some sixty-five deputies of the "Democratic Initiative" group, and may now be expected to influence much of the old De Gasperi Centre. He is distrusted, however, by several elements within the Party. The Right, which lost ground at Naples, is nervous of his "progressive" tendencies and his personal friendship with Signor La Pira, Mayor of Florence, whose Leftish activities have recently embroiled him with *La Nazione*, the Right-wing paper very widely read in Tuscany, Umbria, and the Marches. The two Left-wing groups among the Demochristians, headed respectively by Signor Pastore of the C.I.S.L. and Signor Gronchi, President of the Chamber, are also suspicious of the Party Secretary, whose inconsistencies in the past—refusing and then accepting office with Signor Pella, and courting the Monarchists last January—make him seem to some an ambitious opportunist.

Similar fears are felt by the "lay democratic" members of Signor Scelba's Coalition, owing to the confessional emphasis which Fanfani has always laid upon his good works. Many fear that he will listen more readily than did De Gasperi to the promptings of the Holy See.

DUBLIN

The Pomeroy Riot

An Irish Correspondent writes: The Pomeroy riot was undoubtedly the story of the week in Dublin, though it was scarcely noticed by English papers. The release of the Nationalist leader Mr. Liam Kelly from Belfast Jail was bound to give some trouble to the police in Northern Ireland, and the prison Governor did his best to keep the event quiet. Mr. Kelly was told about his release only an hour in advance. But the news quickly reached the village of Pomeroy (population 367), where he manages a co-operative store, and his supporters hired loudspeaker vans and travelled the villages of Tyrone inviting people to a reception meeting in Pomeroy. When Mr. Kelly reached the village (in a Rolls-Royce) several hundred sympathisers were waiting at the other end of the main street. They formed in procession with a Tricolour in their midst, surrounded by a guard of stalwart Ulster Nationalists. The presence of the flag of the Irish Republic made the proceedings illegal (under the recent Flags Act passed by the Northern Ireland Legislature) and three hundred members of the Ulster police were drawn up in the centre of Pomeroy to remove the flag. Called on to halt, the marchers carried on and County Inspector Hamilton ordered a baton charge. Although the procession was thereby broken up, the flag remained in the possession of the Nationalists and there were further baton charges.

Mr. Kelly was sent to prison last November for a seditious speech which he made during his candidature for the Northern Ireland House of Commons. He had been elected at the time of the trial, and during his imprisonment he was nominated for the Senate of the Irish Republic by Mr. Sean MacBride and was elected. He is therefore a member of the two legislatures in Ireland. Making allowances for the enthusiasm which now, as in the past, welcomes the released political prisoner in Ireland, it seems likely that Mr. Kelly will become the figurehead of a new kind of anti-Partition movement in Northern Ireland, which will offer a serious challenge to the official Nationalists at Stormont and Westminster. Mr. Kelly leads a rapidly growing party, Fianna Uladh (Soldiers of Ulster); this group contains representatives of the physical force element in the anti-Partition ranks.

The Tate Gallery Affair

It is reported that the Trustees of the Tate Gallery have had an extraordinary meeting in August to consider the position created by the Treasury's drastic "vetting" of the long-expected Report on the affairs of the Gallery. This, to say the least, is highly disquieting. It will be recalled that no full Report about the Tate has been published during the last sixteen years, and that a series of disturbing incidents, half-explained crises, and alleged scandals, have occurred during that time. One question that immediately arises is how any Treasury revision of the Trustee's Report can be squared with Government statements that the Trustees themselves are to be left a free hand to clear up irregularities in the Tate. The fact that the Tate Gallery has increased in popularity, attracted far more visitors, and held fine exhibitions is greatly to the credit of its present Director as well as the Arts Council. But Sir John Rothenstein would, we are sure, be the first to agree that the widespread feeling in the artistic world and beyond it that there is something amiss about the administration of the Tate, can only be removed by the full and frank publication of the facts. It is, after all, no light thing that two Senior Trustees, Lord Harlech and Mr. Graham Sutherland should have recently resigned—Mr. Sutherland in open and vigorous protest—and that several senior members of the staff should have left the Gallery (apart from a number of less senior ones) in circumstances that cause serious uneasiness both among the Trustees and among other friends of the Tate. There have been five special investigations into the administration of the Tate in the last five years, and in no case has the public been given an adequate report of the events inquired into. After all, it is only a few months since Mr. Sutherland's resignation, and the public is still waiting for a reply to his charges against the Administration of the Gallery. He specified that he was disquieted, not only by what he considered breaches of trust in the allocation of special Bequests, but also about the prices paid for Tate acquisitions and about staff relations within the Gallery.

It is no part of our purpose to anticipate the Report by commenting on events where the facts are not fully established. There are, however, a number of incidents which are still filed in newspaper offices, merely because it is the custom in this country to withhold judgment until a case has been publicly sifted. The accumulation of apparently well authenticated detail about Tate affairs is large, and much of it is only too likely to be published in a sensational manner unless adequately dealt with in the forthcoming Report.

No one, we suppose, who read press stories about *The Fake*, the film thriller (written, we are authoritatively informed, by the Director himself, and taken in the Tate Gallery) can help wanting a full explanation. The revelation about the misapplication of Trust funds, admitted by the Trustees themselves, created a surprise which was not dispelled by the inadequate explanation in the White Paper last February. It may be urged that the sums of money involved were not large, and it was not a matter of importance whether the money to buy a particular picture was taken from the Knapping, Courtauld, Cleve, or Kerr funds—or even taken in advance from an expected grant-in-aid. The only people seriously affected were British artists who, if the wishes of the testators had been followed, would have sold more of their pictures to the Tate. What really surprised the public was that the terms of the Bequests seem not to have been seriously taken into account, and that nobody appears to have been aware, or even much concerned, with careful book-keeping.

Perhaps these events would have passed more easily had it not been that in 1949 serious irregularities, involving the improper allocation and sale of paper, were discovered in the Publications Department, and that the efforts of Mr. Humphrey Brooke, then Deputy Keeper, to call attention to this matter, were unavailing. After many months of frustrated zeal in this disturbing matter, Mr. Brooke had a breakdown in health and was transferred to another department. The substance of his allegations was, however, fully endorsed by the Treasury inquiry.

More recent in the public memory is the strange story of the departure from the Gallery of Mr. Le Roux Smith Le Roux, who was invited by the Trustees to leave his post in South Africa and to become Deputy Keeper. He had been congratulated by the Trustees on his competence and success in putting the Publications Department, which was in a parlous condition when he took over, on a sound administrative and financial basis. Enough has been said in public about the "record" price paid for a Degas bronze (against Mr. Le Roux's advice) and about the subsequent inquiry into the whole affair to startle, but not to satisfy, friends of the Tate Gallery. The most disturbing aspect of this complicated story was that a high-powered Treasury Commission was appointed, not apparently with the object of getting to the bottom of the business but with the purpose of hushing it up and so maintaining the prestige of the Tate Administration.

We have chosen at this stage to refer only to a few of the many incidents in the Tate which need thorough airing. We could have chosen others, but have preferred to mention only notorious cases, where the facts are fully recorded in official documents, and also known though, no doubt, often less accurately, to a wide circle of people. Much gossip has inevitably gathered round the Tate as a result of these and other incidents. No doubt there are people with axes to grind, or personal malice to goad them on, whose stories are unjustified or exaggerated. Such gossip is bad for the Gallery, and Sir John Rothenstein and the Trustees must be anxious for the public to know the truth.

Contradictory statements, for instance, are still being made about just how many members of the senior staff have lost their jobs in the last few years. A figure of eleven or twelve has been publicly mentioned. We have ourselves made detailed inquiries, and find that whether the figure is accurate or not depends on how many years are under consideration, and how senior are the staff members involved. We can ourselves immediately provide a list of a dozen members of the administrative staff who have left the Tate since 1940, among them, significantly, four of the Director's immediate deputies. This is a disquieting figure in an institution like the Tate Gallery, and it is a matter of grave concern that in contrast with the situation in other similar institutions, no permanent expert staff has been built up. That there is some relationship between this staff *malaise*; the numerous, but hushed-up, special inquiries; and the resignation of senior Trustees of such outstanding integrity as Mr. Graham Sutherland and Lord Harlech, is beyond any possible doubt. Clearly, neither the Trustees nor Sir John Rothenstein can, with self-respect, allow the Treasury to bowdlerise their Report, or themselves to become parties to the publication of any but the most accurate and candid exposure of the facts.

Victory For White Supremacy

South Africa's provincial elections took place before a dramatic backcloth. Torrential rains in the Cape washed out the homes of thousands of tubercular Coloureds along the Cape Flats; a coal crisis brought industry and transport to a standstill in many parts of the country; eight hundred White railwaymen in Durban went on strike because of the management's refusal to dismiss an African for striking a European; several thousand Non-European workers in Natal defied the Government's industrial legislation and struck for better wages; a friendly netball match between a White girls' college and an Indian school in Maritzburg stirred national passions; a Non-European woman was imprisoned under the Immorality Act for four months and the accused White man was aquitted on the plea that he had committed rape, not copulation with consent. Into this turbulent scene, the Nationalists have once more driven their triumphant ox-waggon of electoral victory. Their majority has been increased in the Transvaal; they have made a clean sweep of all the seats of the Free State; they have captured control of the Cape from the United Party; only Natal has been denied to them. For the first time since they came to power in 1948 they have secured a majority of votes cast over the combined opposition poll.

It is a sign of the failure of Nationalist policy to lower racial tensions that the election was again fought largely upon the colour issue. All the emotive clichés were trotted out; Dr. Verwoerd compared Africans to oxen; Mr. Swart talked of mixing coffee and cream; Dr. Malán spoke of saving White civilisation in this generation or not at all. And the electorate responded by giving the Nationalists another mandate to do their best to remove the offensive Non-Europeans from the sight of delicate White eyes. No one can any longer doubt that the majority of South African Europeans place colour discrimination before any other consideration.

The Nationalist victory may be used in a variety of ways. It will certainly strengthen the Government's hands in forcing through their

Group Areas scheme on the Rand and removing the Africans from their freehold in the Western Townships to the tribally segregated plots of Meadowlands. It will help the Nationalists in their attempt to insist on racially select trade unions and to split those unions which oppose their policy. It will lend added power to the measures designed to bring all African education under Government control and so to determine its content as to indoctrinate all Non-European children with the conception of inferiority. It will probably make the Government more willing to use force to suppress any form of Non-European opposition.

What is more doubtful is the use to which the Nationalists can put their victory in their long-drawn-out struggle to remove the Cape Coloured voters from the common electoral roll. On this issue there is some division inside the Nationalist Party. The extremists, led by Strydom, Verwoerd and Swart, would declare a republic immediately, impose an authoritarian Afrikaner rule, with Afrikaans as the only official language, and take strict control of all industrial, financial and other interests alien to the Afrikaner tradition. There would be complete White supremacy, and a president only answerable to God. Dr. Malan and Mr. Havenga are more cautious, realising the dependence of South Africa on the world outside, and fearing the revolt of non-Nationalist Whites. They recognise that neither of them can retain control of the party much longer and would like to see Dr. Donges as their successor. But he has been responsible for the Cape Coloured vote issue, and so far he has failed. The extremists look on at his repeated failures and ask how much longer constitutional qualms are to be allowed to hinder ideological progress.

It would be possible to use this electoral victory to dissolve the Senate by legislation, employ Nationalist control of the Provincial Councils, which elect 32 of the 48 Senators, and hope that the increased numbers of Nationalist Senators would give the Government its two-thirds majority in another joint sitting. It is still unlikely that the required majority could be obtained in this manner. Or another Parliamentary General Election could be held, in the belief that support for the Nationalists is still increasing. Behind these constitutional possibilities lies the shadow of the Appeal Court Bill published last year, giving the Government power to set up a new Appeal Court, nominate it own judges, and thus gain power over all constitutional issues. The extremists would prefer this course, for it would place all political power unreservedly in Nationalist hands and give them permanent control over every aspect of national life. Dr. Malan will only adopt this alternative as a last resort, but this overwhelming Nationalist victory has probably given added strength to the Strydom-Verwoerd faction, which may decide to force his hand.

Meanwhile, the official Opposition has reached new depths of political ineptitude. Earlier in the year there was a vague flirtation with reality when some members of the United Party boldly stated that the future of the country was bound up with increasing employment of Non-European labour. Logically, they admitted, this eventually implied increasing political rights for Non-Europeans. Immediately the country was saturated with Nationalist cries of "kaffirboeties" and "liberals," and the United Party retreated in the election to the issue of parental rights in education. Yet the forces behind the party machine must be sorely troubled. They realise clearly that the economic future of the country depends upon Non-European labour and Non-European purchasing power. It is estimated by Harry Oppenheimer, U.P. Member of Parliament as well as a leading industrialist, that the Union's gold and uranium production can rise from its present value of £145 millions by £100 millions within four years, provided that the labour is available. They equally recognise that the present Government will prevent an increased supply of Non-European labour if it can, and will veto any attempt to train Non-Europeans for skilled work. Time and again the industrialists have been bought off by the Government with import relaxations and the like, but such concessions cannot continue indefinitely. Sooner or later they will have to face an open political fight or surrender their economic hopes.

The provincial elections have taught another lesson. The minority parties, the new Liberal Party, the Federal Party in Natal, and the Labour Party, now trying to forget its racialist past and support the gradual extension of Non-European rights, have no immediate electoral future. The Labour Party has lost its last seat after daring to fight only two constituencies; the other two parties have been unable to muster one seat between them. The conclusion is clear and direct. Any party which dares to champion the right of Non-Europeans, even to gradual political, economic or social opportunities, can expect no support from the White electorate. This should not deter such parties from continuing their activities. Their very existence is some safeguard against the complete suppression of the voice of reason in the Union and the certainty of racial war. As educators of the Europeans they have an important though terribly hard task. Even more significant is their potential influence as bridges between the European and Non-Europeans. If they succeed in establishing contact with the African National Congress, the South African Indian Congress, and Coloured organisations, as both the Liberals and the Labour Party are attempting, political life in the Union may become less rigidly racial. To do so will probably mean that they must forgo appeals to the White electorate for so long as non-Whites are barred from the franchise, and that they must take an active part in movements of law defiance. Nothing less than identification with the Non-European position and struggle against the denial of human rights can win the confidence of the non-White organisations. It is becoming clear that it is the best elements amongst the Non-Europeans who are today the foremost defenders of democratic values in South Africa.

Yet as the Africans, Indians and Coloureds prepare for a new resistance campaign, for national elections to a People's Congress, for the preparation of a People's Charter, and appeal for 50,000 volunteers to reopen the campaign of passive resistance to laws of discrimination, the Government again strikes at the leaders. The Suppression of Communism Act is used to silence ex-Chief Luthuli and Walter Sissulu, President and Secretary of the African National Congress, to remove them from office and confine them to one district for two years. Both men are moderates, vigorously opposed to meeting White racialism with Black racialism. As the temper of the people rises and campaigns are carried on against discrimination in shops in Port Elizabeth, against the compulsory removal of 70,000 Africans from the western townships, against racial education and labour laws, the moderate, restraining leaders are being removed from control by the Nationalist Government itself. This is the way to provoke violence in racial conflict, and although force today may be concentrated in White hands, every victory by might will weaken that power by increasing the hatred and determination for revenge amongst the defeated.

JOHN HATCH

London Diary

I AM tired of telling people not to listen to fairy stories about bombs affecting the weather; after all, I say, the weather is always exceptional in England, isn't it? We haven't got a climate, merely all sorts of weather. But for the first time the rain and cold are really getting people down. They rely on their holidays to put a small store of sunshine inside them. When we had no April sun or showers they said that May and June would probably be nice; and when July came, without enough sun to ripen a cherry—in some parts of the country they have rotted green on the trees—they felt confident that on the law of averages there should still be good weather for the holidays. Now, as we eat our last raspberries in mid-August and still hope our peas will fill out, we are a bit wistful when we forecast a warm September. The material results have become serious, too. East Anglia seems less affected than most parts, because the wheat, which is just becoming golden, may be reaped between thunderstorms and the harvest saved even a month late. But in the Midlands that are really "sodden and unkind," the almost total loss of the hay crop needed to feed the cattle in the winter is something of a tragedy. Bee-keepers everywhere are in despair. . . . I sympathise with the small boy I heard plaintively asking his mother: "What other merits had St. Swithin?"

* * *

It is agreeable, of course, to put the blame on Mr. Sutton, the weather man whose B.B.C. prophecies have been so wrong that they merely annoy. If he can't get nearer right than that, people say, better shut up and leave off pretending. We recall the letter the poor fellow wrote to this journal after the Whitsun fiasco. He explained that no forecast can be more than a calculation of probabilities. He added that "a forecast is bad when it is misleading," which is just what most of us thought. His broadcast on Monday destroyed our last defences. H-bombs, he said, had of course nothing to do with the weather. He did not tell us why the floods in China and India were exceptional even for China and India, why 2,000 people were drowned by a cloudburst in Persia. He offered no comfort to those of us who hear of friends basking in hot sunshine in the island of Sark, while in most of Western Europe we jumped straight from January to November. Worst of all, he destroys that strange consolation that we always derive from believing that the evils we live under are unique. He will not even allow us to say that we have scored a record. The weather was just as bad, he said, in 1903. True, there were eight fine summers after that, but this is no reason at all for thinking that we shall get sunshine next year. The only positively cheerful remark I have heard is that cricket is a proper wash-out, and that we can get on with the football season without more waste of time.

* * *

The circumstances of Signor de Gasperi's death were genuinely moving. Despite his astonishing vigour, he had recently lost the grip of Italian politics which he exerted since 1946. Indeed, at the recent conference of the Democ-Christians at Naples, he had been defeated by Signor Fanfani and bundled upstairs to a formal presidency of the party. Then, on the evening before he died, he heard the news of the E.D.C. crisis and spent much of the night in tears, discussing on the telephone what could be done at Brussels to stave off disaster. In the morning, exhausted and dispirited, he collapsed. To a

man with de Gasperi's philosophy, it must indeed have looked as if all he had laboured to build was tumbling to pieces. For him—and for his two chief European coadjutors, Robert Schumann and Konrad Adenauer—German rearmament was always a secondary consideration in their support for E.D.C. What they dreamt of was a Federal Western Europe run by the Catholic Church. Curiously enough, all of them knew German as one of their mother tongues. Robert Schumann comes from Alsace-Lorraine and de Gasperi from what was once Austrian Trentino, and it is not fantastic to guess that each was inspired by a vision of a renewed Holy Roman Empire, transcending nationalism, and defending the frontiers of civilisation against new barbarian hordes. De Gasperi, as Togliatti and Nenni were the first to recognise, was a sincere democrat, and a statesman of real stature. He realised that the "Italy" which emerged after the war was a shadowy entity and that the alternatives which faced it were social revolution or European federation. He fought and defeated the revolution, but died knowing that federation was also defeated.

* * *

The Scottish miners were naturally furious when a visiting Soviet delegate wrote an article in *Izvestia* which gave a silly picture of life in the Scottish coalfields. Like some other Soviet visitors—I recall one who wrote that our streets were full of poor, wretched people wandering about homeless!—this miner had given the impression that nothing much had changed here since Dickens wrote *Hard Times*. On this occasion, however, the president of the Soviet Miners Union has gone out of his way to set the record straight. In a sternly worded article, which has also appeared in *Izvestia*, he has reproved his fellow delegate for his "inexact statements," and has given a very fair account of the Scottish miners' living standards. What a welcome change! Perhaps someone will now pass the word along to Comrade Fadeev that we are not all warmongers, or some obscure variety of reptile.

* * *

High Court Judges have been known to say that the Law should assume that all men are likely to seek every legitimate means of avoiding taxation. I've just heard a story that partly bears out their Lordships' assumption. A man at a race-meeting was on his way to the "tote" to collect winnings amounting to about five pounds, when a cautious stranger stopped him and said: "Would you mind telling me the value of your tote tickets?" After a fitting interval for suspicion, he was told. "I'll give you six pounds in cash for them," he said promptly. And, apparently well prepared for the assumption that he was an escaped lunatic, he explained himself without further delay. "I'm acting for a well-to-do man who pays super-tax," he said. "He doesn't like paying super-tax. So there's a whole lot of us working for him. We buy winning tote tickets on his behalf at a higher price than their face value, and at the end of a financial year he turns them over to his Inspector of Taxes. The people we buy them from do well out of it, and we get a living ourselves. But our boss does better: he declares apparent tote winnings up to a high figure every year, and of course, pays no tax on that figure."

Legitimate? On the contrary, I should have thought, a clear case of fraud, and a false return of income. But one more picture of the sheer fatuity of pretending that, because betting is in some respects a bad thing, it is ethical to tax the Tote but not the punter.

* * * *

What paper do you read?

Manchester Guardian (Special Correspondent in Peking, 18.8.54). "Faces are happy—happier than in Moscow. Except at the airport, there are no effigies of Stalin or of Mao Tse-tung."

Daily Telegraph (Special Correspondent in Pekin, 18.8.54). "The laughter and gaiety in the streets has gone for the most part. From the walls of most buildings saturnine portraits of Mao Tse-tung, Stalin, Mr. Malenkov and Mr. Molotov glower down."

CRITIC

SPINE RELIEF

There was overwhelming opposition [to the Cambridge Plan] yet the Minister has approved much of it. Why?—Manchester Guardian.

Another outrage planned by Whitehall, by Whitehall!
The Minister's command threatens all;
But Cambridge makes a stand
To stay the planner's hand—
You Dons throughout the land,
Hear the call!

The Plan will never do, all agree, all agree—
Why must it be pushed through by decree?
Why spurn the locals' view,
The City Council's, too,
Why browbeat Cambridge University?

Those ready to rebel will increase, will increase,
The storm no force can quell will not cease;
New roads, they know full well,
Will soon make Jesus hell,
Disturb Emmanuel
And Christ's Piece.

The City and the Shire both unite, both unite,
The colleges on fire claim their right.
Old Camus, reverend sire,
Is flooding in his ire,
And Whitehall should retire
From the fight.

Why does Whitehall defy Town and Gown, Town and Gown?
Their ancient right deny with a frown?
The citizens ask why
Their protests are passed by,
And echo makes reply—
Crichel Down.

The reason for the ban why explore, why explore?
The Cambridge partisan knew before,
Before the war began,
That the power behind the Plan,
Was, of course, an Oxford man!
Why ask more?

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

British Railways has sent a letter of appreciation and a postal order for £1 to a 68-year-old railwayman who warned station staff when an express train was approaching debris which had fallen on the line at Thornaby-on-Tees, Yorkshire.—*Manchester Guardian.* (R. A. Foster.)

It is apparent to the most casual eye that something unfortunate has happened to Swadlincote. Demolished houses, cracked and torn walls, curved roofs with patches of missing slates, terrace houses split apart and others sandwiched together, distorted metal fences and patched roads. . . .—*The Times.* (Wilkinson-Jones.)

He had taken a keen interest in National Savings, had been awarded the M.B.E. in 1953 and had twice been invited to Royal garden parties.—*County Express*, Worcestershire. (Philip White.)

Evidence has shown the unmarried mother to be, in the words of the majority of the judges, "a woman whose sexual experiences have been wide and varied, amoral and unfastidious in her relations with men, but not promiscuous."—*News Chronicle.* (O. Newton.)

The New Statesman and Nation, August 28, 1954

British Policy and the H-Bomb—III

WHEN I first planned the last of these three articles, I intended to pursue further the argument outlined in the first that the discovery of how to make cheap hydrogen bombs has made it necessary to revise radically our present Defence strategy as outlined in the recent White Paper. Now the Prime Minister has stated the case for such a revision in impressive words. "But I had not held my mind closed to the tremendous changes that have taken place in the whole strategic position in the world which make the thoughts, which were well founded and well knit together a year ago, utterly obsolete and which have changed the opinion of every competent soldier that I have been able to meet . . ." ". . . how utterly out of proportion to the Suez Canal and the position which we held in Egypt are the appalling developments and the appalling spectacle which imagination raises before us. Merely to imagine in outline the first few weeks of a war under conditions about which we did not know when the session commenced and about which we had not been told . . ."

I have no means of knowing, of course, what precise facts the Prime Minister had in mind when he spoke these ominous words, but I will only assume that they were substantially those which I have outlined in my two earlier articles: the most important of these assumed facts are that the U.S.S.R. has probably now attained equality in H-bomb development, though probably not in number of ordinary A-bombs, and that it would be wise for Defence planning purposes to assume also approximate equality in the power of delivering them.

Clearly it will be a long and difficult task to work out a new Defence policy appropriate to the new situation. Very many complex facts and possibilities will have to be the subject of intricate thought, and it would be clearly presumptuous for me or any single individual to propose any simple or ready-made solution. Moreover there are a number of broad political and strategic consequences likely to result from the assumption of H-bomb equality which will take time both to mature and to be fully appreciated. I intend, therefore, to confine myself to some of these general probable consequences rather than to suggest specific changes in our Defence policy.

The first and most important of these conclusions is that there is now no possibility of success for any tough diplomatic policy aiming at rolling back without war the Soviet power to the Russian ethnic frontiers and so liberating the satellite States. Still more is a preventative war off the map, in spite of the efforts of some vociferous advocates.

Roll-back or liberation policies were much canvassed in America during the 1952 Presidential Election, and even earlier were often advocated in many British and American papers as the main objective of the rearmament campaign. Once the West had sufficient strength on the ground to enable it to use safely the threat of atomic war, the U.S.S.R. was to be told to retire to her own frontier and accept Second Power status—or be destroyed. "The year of decision," when the West would be ready for a show-down, was often held to be 1953 or 1954.

Clearly the Soviet progress in atomic bombs has made this policy impracticable. Many important consequences follow—perhaps the most important may be in connection with the situation in Western Germany.

To see what this effect might be, it is only necessary to remember the essential incompatibility between the present Western German policy of close military alliance with the Nato Powers and that of attaining unity with East Germany by peaceful means. A few years ago, while the A-bomb superiority of the West was a fact, there were three possible ways by which Western Germany could seek unity with the Eastern Provinces; by a Nato victory in a third world war; by the success of a roll-back policy achieved through the threat of preventative war; and by a bargain with the U.S.S.R. Now, with H-bomb equality a fact, there is only the last way.

It seems almost certain that this issue of how to attain unity will dominate the political scene in West Germany in the next few years. So it seems inevitable that West Germany will start exploring all possible avenues to a bargain with the U.S.S.R. and in so doing will become an unreliable ally to the Nato Powers. I cannot see clearly how any change in Nato Defence or foreign policy can prevent this situation coming about.

In the Far Eastern part of the Cold War the chief effect of the development of hydrogen bombs has, I think, been to make it still more dangerous for the West to use or threaten to use even ordinary atomic bombs tactically. Undoubtedly plans were far advanced to drop atomic bombs from U.S. aircraft carriers on the Viet Minh armies round Dienbienphu. It is not difficult to guess what the British Government said to this proposal of Admiral Radford. Where would it stop? Would Canton and Peking be the next targets—and then might there not be a Soviet counter-attack on the quite defenceless port of Singapore? If so, then perhaps Moscow would be the next target for American bombs, and in reply perhaps London and Paris for Soviet ones.

Similar considerations apply to Europe though perhaps less immediately. For it is certainly a fact that both A- and H-bombs and atomic shells fired from cannon could be in some circumstances a valuable tactical weapon in a land battle in Europe. They would be of some use in offence but be much more useful in a defensive action. Since Nato planning for land war must certainly be mainly concerned with a defensive campaign, and since, moreover, America probably has now many more ordinary atomic bombs than the U.S.S.R., in the case of war the West might gain considerably by using atomic bombs tactically. However, the Nato planners must be greatly inhibited in planning for the tactical use of atomic weapons because of the uncertainty as to whether wider strategic considerations would actually allow their use. If the tactical use of atomic shells by the West in a land battle was likely to lead to the strategic use of A- and H-bombs against cities, the tactical gain by using atomic shells would have to be compelling.

Another most important consequence of the development of H-bombs by both East and West is to reduce drastically the military value of many exposed overseas air bases. For if the bases in Britain are doubtfully defensible, how much less defensible would be bases in Iceland, Turkey, Cyprus, the Middle East, the Philippines, Formosa or Japan. The defence of even a single air base against atomic attack involves an extensive radar installation as well as many fighters and guided missiles. The cost of the equipment and the number of highly trained personnel required are too high to make feasible the effective defence of a large number of advanced bases. Even if such a base itself were adequately defended, this is hardly likely to be so for the cities of the country in which the bases are situated. So the U.S.S.R. could use the Policy of the Great Deterrent in reverse: it could threaten atomic attacks on neighbouring cities if and only if the local government had allowed American or British atomic bombers to use the bases for atomic attack on a Soviet country. There is no doubt that the neutralisation of many advanced bases could, in certain circumstances, be achieved in this way. Thus the Nato Powers may be forced to rely increasingly on relatively safe bases in America itself or advanced bases in relatively uninhabited lands, where there is no civil population to be considered.

The virtual writing off of the Suez military base, with its huge investment of military capital, is likely to be paralleled elsewhere.

Before it is possible to start thinking about possible changes in our Defence policy it is necessary to analyse in some detail what is the real strength and weakness of the Policy of the Great Deterrent as applied to British policy and what are its likely consequences. Now the primary aim of all the armed forces of any nation which considers itself peacefully inclined is, of course, to deter an enemy from attacking: it is only when the deterrent fails to operate that the armed forces have actually to fight. If, in recent years, the Soviets had envisaged the invasion of Western Europe with land forces they would undoubtedly have been deterred from so doing by the existence of the American atomic stockpile. Likewise, if the Western allies had envisaged the invasion of the U.S.S.R. they would have been deterred from so doing by the strength of the Soviet army. Thus these two factors, the American atomic bombs and the Soviet army, have certainly acted as effective deterrents to a third world war breaking out in the past few years.

The H-bomb now available to both sides will undoubtedly constitute a powerful deterrent to the outbreak of a major war in the future. Yet, on the other hand, it has little relevance to the possible outbreak, or conduct of, any minor wars. The weakness of the Great Deterrent as the main basis of Nato Defence planning is that by concentrating so much material effort on the deterrence, by threat of atomic bombardment, of the U.S.S.R., from a full-scale attack on Europe, it weakens our ability to play an effective role in many parts of the world where minor wars may and do continually occur. So, by reducing relatively the land forces, tactical and transport aircraft, etc., required to fight minor wars, we may find it difficult to prevent such minor wars spreading into bigger wars. In this way, the Policy of the Great Deterrent may make a major war more rather than less likely. Serious military and moral problems have already arisen, in Indo-China, due to the fact that the only force available to intervene in a crisis was atomic bombs.

In more broad terms, by expanding strategic atomic air power at the expense of ground troops and air defence, our present Defence policy seems a sure recipe for losing most small wars for lack of troops and for finding ourselves unable to fight a bigger war for lack of defence for our cities.

Before the advent of the H-bomb, it was often argued that the lack of defence of our cities was not important and did not inhibit our use of atomic attack on the Soviet Union, because our initial atomic attack would be so devastating as to prevent the enemy replying in kind against our cities. This I always thought dangerous nonsense. For airfields and bases can be far too dispersed and numerous to make possible the interdiction of them all in a short time. Now with H-bombs available to the U.S.S.R., and consequently with far fewer aircraft needed to destroy our cities, there is no hope at all of preventing atomic counter-attack by attacking enemy bases in the first few hours or days of an all-out war.

Suppose, for instance, that the armed forces of Russia, or another Communist country, invade in force with ground troops some country in the Western orbit. Then the essence of the New Look policy would be for the West to use atomic bombs on targets in the U.S.S.R. Sir John Slessor makes perfectly clear that the readiness to be the first to use atomic bombs strategically is an essential element in this policy. The U.S.S.R. would be likely to reply in kind, and the cities of Western Europe would be easy targets. Thus if the New Look policy goes according to plan, any armed aggression by Soviet Communist land forces anywhere, even in relatively small force, would lead, in all probability, to the destruction of London, Paris, and other big European cities. European Governments would, of course, be bound to try to stop any atomic attack on the U.S.S.R. in order to save their cities from destruction, and so would try to prevent the New Look policy from being put into operation. One concludes from this that in any circumstance other than a full-scale Soviet attack on the West, the New Look policy will be found at the critical moment to be a bluff.

It is in the light of such sombre conclusions as these that a new military defence policy for Britain must be worked out, and with it a new orientation of our foreign policy. Both sets of changes will take time to work out and may prove highly incongenial to many cherished dogmas. For the last nine years military and political thinking in Britain has assumed the decisive superiority of America over the U.S.S.R. in atomic weapons. Now, with H-bomb equality an assumed fact for planning purposes, a drastic and perhaps painful rethinking of this problem is necessary.

P. M. S. BLACKETT

Frenchmen Without Houses

France, "happy France," shows off to tourists the splendours of Paris and the wealthy parts of other cities; its picturesque countryside, its gardens and its châteaux. But, under the spell of the housing taboo, it does not show them its disease-ridden slums, or its stinking back-alleys. Hundreds of thousands of families live in the inferno of the hôtels meublés, or in temporary shacks, or in insalubrious single rooms. And, at the same time, you find people in perfectly good faith saying that . . . all will be well in two or three years' time.

THUS wrote, a few months ago, that leading authority on French housing and its sociological aspects, M. Chombart de Lauwe. What he calls the "housing taboo" is the refusal of the French authorities and of a large part of the French public to face the problem of French housing. At the height of winter last February, thousands of old-clothes parcels and some money (not much) were posted to l'Abbé Pierre, who, in the past few years, with the help of his team of rag-and-bone men, had managed to house a few dozen homeless families in temporary structures put up by the "Companions of Emmæus." During that long frosty spell people were shocked to hear that, on the outskirts of Paris, a large number of old people and several babies had died of cold. But when, a couple of months later, I went to a meeting at the Salle Wagram to hear l'Abbé Pierre speak, the hall was half-empty. And l'Abbé Pierre bitterly remarked that, in the long run, all the song and dance about his work had done more harm than good; it had merely raised false hopes. He had been treated by the authorities, first, as an amiable crank, and, after that, there was a whispering campaign suggesting

that he was really doing propaganda for the Communists. He was allowed to float a loan; but no help came from the Government or the banks or big business. The loan was a failure.

Certainly it is not men like l'Abbé Pierre, with his Christian charity and infinite pity for the under-dog, who are going to solve the housing problem in France. It goes far beyond the question of a few thousand down-and-outs. In the towns, and especially in Paris, housing has become sociological problem Number One. To-day, 25 per cent. of the young people who have got married since 1947, and 35 per cent. of such working-class couples are "unhoused"—*i.e.*, they have no home of their own. Half of them live with their parents, thus adding to the over-crowding, and the rest live in hotel rooms, or in "single rooms without kitchen." The "inferno of the *hôtel meublé*" is not a minor aspect of this problem; according to the Préfecture de Police, some 400,000 people of the Paris area, or almost 10 per cent. of the population live in 13,000 such hotels. Recent inquiries have shown that *meublés* and slums have been the breeding ground of about 80 per cent. of juvenile delinquents and prostitutes and of half the drunks.

Before the war, only young bachelors, as a rule, lived in *hôtels meublés*. They have now been invaded by families—four, five, six people living in one hotel room, without proper cooking facilities, and in conditions of squalor, filth, and acute nervous tension. The *patrons* and *patronnes* of these hotels belong, as a rule, to a particularly vicious brand of humanity; and to live thus is also financially ruinous for the tenants. I have often talked to workers who were spending £10 a month—one-third of their income, or more—on this kind of "accommodation." Even worse cases are on record—of workers' families obliged to live in hotels nominally (and quite unjustifiably) classed as "tourist," where the rent ate up two-thirds of their earnings, or, if one includes family allowances for, say, two children, at least half of it. And as for overcrowding, the Préfecture de la Seine reports that there were last year 35,000 families of three to five people, 317 families of six, 107 families of seven, 34 families of eight, and 32 families of nine living in one room.

What are the remedies? All French housing experts and sociologists consider that the French housing effort, not only since the war, but ever since 1919, has been totally inadequate. An average of only 75,000 houses a year were built between the two wars, barely enough to maintain the housing fund of 1914; and, since 1945, building has been, until recently, at the rate of only about 90,000 dwellings a year. Building costs are so high that private enterprise plays very little part in solving the housing problem; the only notable private building going on in Paris today is that of luxury flats, notably in the Chaillot area, which are sold at £10,000 each. The central State-subsidised agency for "popular" housing, the H.L.M. (*habitations loyer modéré*) has built few houses to let. The annual average for the whole of France, according to M. Michel Anselme, a leading authority, is only 4,500 since the war.

The dominant feature of French housing policy is, in fact, to induce people to *buy* houses. Assistance is available from H.L.M. and the Crédit Foncier; and, under the relatively new Courant Plan, houses can be bought on a hire-purchase system by persons able to put down £300-£400, and are able, thereafter, to pay a rent of about £10 a month over a period of some 20 years, in order to repay the loan of some £1,500. But this does not cope with the problem of slums and overcrowding. Those hardest hit by the housing shortage can least afford to make a down-payment of £300-£400. The Courant Plan caters almost exclusively for "nice" people, with a little money put aside. It does not help the working-class family with an income of £30 or £40 a month, let alone those with £20, and the even more recent plans of M. Lemaire do not substantially alter this position.

To make up for the delays in building, and for the wear-and-tear of the last 35 years, housing experts reckon that France must build 320,000 dwellings a year for several years to come. Yet such new houses as are going up are chiefly *not* for those who need them most; and this is even true of a bombed city like Le Havre, where the rich *sinistrés* live in sumptuous new houses, and many of the poor *sinistrés* still live in the wretched *Camp François Premier*, whose temporary shacks are falling to pieces after nearly 10 years. Even H.L.M.'s activities have been greatly hampered by Budget cuts in "investment expenditure," which includes housing; and another obstacle is the high rate of interest (twice the 1914 rate) charged by the Crédit Foncier.

Meanwhile, the queue of young couples unable to buy but wanting to rent a house is adding to the list of the 100,000 applications that have been accumulating for years at the Office de la Seine; the T.B. mortality rate in the *hôtels meublés* is tenfold that in the Champs-Elysées district.

The heavy cuts in the State Budget on "capital investment," including housing, under the deplorable Pinay and Laniel regimes have, more than anything else, been at the root of all this trouble. The armistice in Indo-China will not make France a land of plenty overnight, but since Mendès-France became Prime Minister there has been a new and optimistic feeling that for the first time in many years France is run by a man who is now ready to apply a constructive and coherent programme to French economy—a programme under which housing, too, is bound to benefit.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Twilight

IRELAND begins at Fishguard. Seven p.m.: we peered through the innumerable sodden veils of the aquasphere, watching in languor while men with singing voices lowered the cars into the hold. The ships sail at three in the morning: no one knows why. Promising ourselves to seek the origin of this mysterious sailing time in the Mabinogion or the Book of Kells, we went to the bar. Ireland was there, personated by Dr. C, gloomily yet lovingly drunk, a small man, vivid for all his gloom, who, for no reason, greeted us in French. When we disconcerted him by answering in kind, he said he liked to show off his knowledge of that language in public places: but it had caused him to be rebuffed by a Dutchman in an Aerlingus plane: *Mister, you talk too much*. Dr. C. had corrected what he took for a fault in English: *you mean, I talk too* FAST. *I mean you talk too* MUCH. Dr. C. could not talk too much for us. Had we, he asked, had we any Irish now? We had no Erse. Erse! What kind of a word was that now? Irish, or, at a pinch, Gaelic. Erse! Janey Mac! We apologised and at once it seemed we were not new acquaintances but reunited after an interrupted, happy intimacy.

* * *

Altogether we had seven Irish whiskies while Dr. C. told us about Ireland. Because the number was seven, of mystic significance, we remained sober, grave indeed, while gathering that things were bad over there, hurtful, they were, in Dr. C.'s soul. The softened consonants of his English gave his pessimism an unconvincing tone. Not that there was anything broth-of-a-boyish about his speech, yet indushthries are not quite the same things as industries. They were his principal complaint, the new industries, imposed by Dev and Fianna Fail on th bowed shoulders of a groaning peasantry painfully extracting a bare subsistence from sullen bogs and ungrateful mountains. Not that the new Taoseach (you say Teeshock) and Fine Gael would ever reduce this burden on the country's agriculture, the black-hearted ruffians. Had we ever had Gaelic coffee now? He gave us the recipe; we were to be sure to start the day with it; it would keep out the rain.

* * *

The aquasphere had lifted a little by the morning. In Rosslare it was raining from softly tangible unbreathable clouds ten feet above our heads. The customs examination was perfunctory, carried out by un-uniformed officers whose exquisite and personal courtesy owed nothing to the self-conscious deliberate good manners of their English equivalents. We began to learn Irish from the bilingual roadsigns. Wexford for breakfast . . . with Irish coffee. Stir three lumps of sugar and three fingers of Irish whisky into a breakfast cup nearly full of boiling hot black coffee, then float a gill of cream on the top. Afterwards, it does not matter about the rain.

Our neighbour at the next table spoke to us as musically as a Welshman. He was from Cork. Yes, we were going there. No, not Dublin this trip. No, no, he must not misunderstand us, we did not mean the city was not worth a second visit. We regretted, indeed, missing it, especially the theatres, the Gate, the Abbey. He, rising to pay his bill, demolished them with a sweet smile, finding three words to criticise the anglicising tendency of the first, the supposed evil mores of English actors, and the too thespian Irishry of the other place. He said, still smiling, *Sodom and begorrah* and, as he went, *God bless ye*.

* * *

Waterford, then Limerick. New industries—bright, new, model-like factories risen, despite Sergeant Sullivan's fulminations in the *Irish Times* against their parasitic nature; bungalow factories, somehow *Mitteleuropan*, alien at all events in this delinquescent land/air/waterscape where chlorophyll, like unfast dye, seems to "run" into everything. The old towns slowly decay: austere Georgian porticoes flake away; bow-fronted houses rot for want of paint or carpentry. There are deserted, roofless villages. There are also new housing estates to serve the factories. Here, as elsewhere, the countryside is emptied to swell the towns. In the matter of architecture the Gaelic eye, no doubt full of visions still of Tara's Halls, wants Saxon help. A street, if handsome, is Georgian, if Irish, hideous—as ugly as a Welsh town. It does not matter, one looks at the faces. What use to know from experience in Spain, or Southern Italy, that what writers call character, what painters like to paint, the bones in a face, significance in stance and carriage of clothes and motion, are due to undernourishment? People with enough to eat and do, have flesh on their bones, not character. One forgets this science when the art of Irish speech covers it. They are so gentle, so courteous, so solicitous, so suddenly and delightfully sharp and brilliant.

* * *

In Clare we began to be blessed again. There was, for instance, the Garda in that small town with twenty-seven tiny shops in its wide main-street, of which nineteen by our counting sold drink. And why not? as the Garda himself said, when we remarked on it. Wouldn't a woman doing her bit of shopping, poor creature, want a glass of porter that never hurt a soul, to keep up

her strength? This same policeman was memorable as the only Irishman who said *arrah*. Would he put us on the Galway road? *Arrah, I will now.* Goodness, how we enjoyed it, especially after having been told all that sort of thing was a pack of lies. *God bless ye now*, was his conclusion, uttered with feeling, so that we felt as be-blessed as if he had been Cardinal d'Alton himself. He was not a young man, old enough to have watched the boys burn down the big Georgian mansion standing in the skirts of the town, with, they say, some of the inhabitants still in it. It is one of scores, hundreds perhaps, which might at least serve as quarries for fencing-stones if there were enough farmers to fence fields.

* * *

The North-West of the Republic: fields no bigger than a small room; everywhere the bones of the land thrust through its green flesh. Mile after mile of tall, scarlet hedges of fuchsia, a wonder at first, at last unnoticed. Cattle everywhere, chiefly the small black Aberdeen Angus. Six donkey foals stand in the road, heads down against the drift of rain, and move only reluctantly, knowing that in this country there is still virtue attributed to organisms not allowed to mechanisms. Half-wild sheep start flightily away when we leave the car to look closer at the gold of bog asphodel, the crimson of burnet rose, or some natural garden, fine sweet turf on rock, a little waterfall, rosettes of London pride, a falling ruffle of *Sedum carnea* and yellow rock-roses. The rain lifts, the sun comes out, the whole bog burns with asphodel and we learn in silence that distant mountains, in this country, are not bright blue by a painter's convention, but in fact. The land rises beyond the bog to a cliff edge, miles of wildly dramatic coast line and the rush of the Atlantic, deep coves, caves, and, beyond, the estuary and golden sand to the horizon, a children's paradise. The river teems with sea-trout, brown trout, the salmon queue to jump the weir, and, out among the rocks, a man in a *corragh* . . . pitched canvas on a wooden frame . . . can take a hundred pollock in an hour.

* * *

Faintly, from the beach down the lane, the stench of rotting shark came to us as we sat at tea. The shark-livers had been sent to the factory, but the carcases left to rot among the upturned *corraghs*. The tiny, isolated boarding-house cringed between the beaked mountain, the bog, and the long Atlantic swell. The turf fire burnt brightly, it did not smoulder. The house was sweet with the smell of it. Every land-holder has his turf bank; in spring the turves are cut and stacked in piles to dry. The rich, chocolate colour of the cut turf—we call it peat—is one of the pleasures of the eye, the same colour as the tea which, served with fried chops and a mass of boiled potatoes, my wife was pouring. A fellow guest looked up at her exclamation. Sthrong? *Now I like my tea so a mouse can throt on't.* His son agreed but said you could brand a lamb with this stuff. It transpired as we talked that the younger man had a claim to notice: he'd met the fellow that caught a leprechaun in Phœnix Park. He was going to show it, but didn't it die on 'm? The father had graver concerns, notably when we raised the question of the Irish language. Who speaks it? Who reads it in the newspaper? He gets up to look into the passage, to shut the door. We suppress our derision at these precautions: after all, the man has a business and a family to think of. He blames the Black Boys . . . he is our first anti-clerical. Yes, the Black Boys, with their Latin liturgy, keeping the people from hearing sermons and singing hymns in Irish, they are the villains. It seems far-fetched. Still, come to think of it, it was the Catholic Church which defeated and destroyed Celtic civilisation; it was Augustine who opened the war on the British Church, Gaelic institutions and ideas.

* * *

Cork: things are brisker. We hear of projects: Eire is to raise its population from two and a half to seven millions: look at Denmark, look at Switzerland. The wealth is here . . . farmland, fishing, industries. It needs only the men and money to bring it into circulation. Brilliant schemes grow more brilliant as the consumption of whisky rises. The Ulsterman on holiday smiles to himself. Even when the subject of Partition comes up he says nothing. One enthusiast declares that with North and South united, the economic problem would be solved. Surprisingly, he is bitterly opposed by a Dubliner declaring that of all follies, this would be the worst, that dour, heathen northern men would have their heel on Ireland's neck in no time at all.

* * *

West towards the beauty of the Dingle Peninsular. The rain comes down again. We make ourselves comfortable by the turf fire. The houses both sides of us are empty. There is a stir and rustle from the one on the left: a bit more of the roof falling in . . . but so quietly. The paper, announcing Ireland's imports as double her exports, and the blessing of five hundred children by a visiting Italian priest, falls from our hands; we just look at the gently burning turf; somehow, there is a glass of twelve-year-old whisky to hand; we yawn—only had thirteen hours' sleep last night. How pleasant it is, how relaxing and, despite the cheerfulness of our hosts, how very sad.

EDWARD HYAMS

Disloyalty

OLD General B. had been terribly upset by the news, although Marcus had not been his favourite, and anyhow he didn't really approve of going out to the colonies. You turned the natives out, but, somehow, you always took on too much from them. Servants. Stories at night. Songs you never intended to pick up, but you caught yourself and your children humming them. And it would seem all right at first. But you never knew with natives. They'd seem cheerful enough for a few years, grateful for a bit of civilisation, grateful to be freed from priests and superstitions; they'd work for you, be loyal. And then—

A horrible death. Poor young Marcus. These priests. The natives might have settled down all right and the whole thing taken the natural course of Empire, but the priests were always stirring things up, making this religion of theirs, if one could call it that, into the same thing as freedom from the Empire. And yet the yoke had never been heavy, as in other Empires. The natives had always been consulted, favoured, helped when food was short, allowed to look forward to a time of ultimate citizenship.

He had been in the country once, as a younger man on a mission of pacification. He knew the swamps and thick tangles once one got inland and the way one's guides led one round to avoid their sacred places. What went on there now? Oaths and hideous rituals. The forcing of loyal natives into the same blood-stained darkness. There had been some attempt at stamping it out. It was a case of laying hands on the priests and showing no mercy to them, whatever lighter punishment might go to the misguided natives, frightened into it perhaps. Terrorised. It could be very frightening, even for a civilised person.

Yet they must know it could only end one way! What could they and their superstitions do against the whole power of the Empire. They would be—must be—wiped out and the dark places made clean again.

A servant came in, carrying a letter, bowed and went out. It gave further details. How the body had been found, revoltingly mutilated. A punitive expedition. . . . He had been on them often enough. Young men get some satisfaction out of killing and flogging. Examples have to be made. And doubtless Marcus, as he died, would have known this would follow. And then?

The servant showed in one of his neighbours, an old Army man too, tears in his narrow, wrinkle-rimmed eyes, a long handshake. "You heard, then?" said General B.

"And after the way we treated them," his friend said. "But it's the woman who calls herself the Queen of the tribe. She's in league with the priests, forcing this oath on everyone, terrorising them. We were too lenient with her."

"I suppose," said the General, "that this kind of rebellion seems . . . different to them. They think of it as something, well, right. And all these hideous oaths and bloodshed and terror—and my poor Marcus—"

"My dear old boy," said his friend, "you mustn't let your mind be divided on this. The rebellion is serious and this woman and her gangs must be wiped out."

"You really think the woman is something to do with it? What is her name, by the way, something savage, wasn't it?"

"Yes: Boadicea. One can scarcely think of them as human."

"No," said the General, "no."

NAOMI MITCHISON

The Arts and Entertainment

THE COSMOPOLITAN AND THE VILLAGE PUMP

MR. GRIFFITHS is nearly 75 years old. But his agility and his totally unembittered eyes, curious and interested behind his shiny glasses, make him seem very much younger. In 1907—or was it 1909?—he had digs in Chelsea. It is from then that he dates his interest in fungi. They grew through the roof of the attic. Yesterday, as honorary secretary of the Community Association, he was helping to hang the Art Exhibition in the Town Hall, a small building in the triangular market place. He had the benign, slightly fussed air of an uncle putting the last touches to the preparations for a party.

Just after the war the Town Hall was going to be pulled down in the interests of a Road Improvement scheme. But, thanks to the economy cuts, it wasn't. "Of course," Mr. Griffiths was saying, "we put on a deal at a lower level. Behind the scenes I'm behind our Variety show. They flock to see it and that means that we can also afford to have two Arts Council concerts a year. We only lose about £15 on each. The swings and the roundabouts, you know." Mr. Griffiths himself plays the viola.

The pictures were of all sorts. There was the work of a local professional landscapist: pastels of the mountains as clean and smooth as though painted with enamel on copper. There were Tudor cottages as black and white as chessboards. There was a loving picture of *The Lake of Love at Bruges* (Not for Sale). There was a Tragic work by a schoolboy—with a symbolically broken pillar—of Napoleon on Elba. There were enough flowers for a marriage. There was the work of the local art students. "I was thinking this morning," Mr. Griffiths said, "of all the different tricks they have for all the different kinds of trees."

There was a portrait of Ernie, the town's dart champion. Ernie, who invariably wears a black cap, also has a prize white walrus moustache. He must be about 70, and he has a sweetheart of the same age. One can often see them in the evening walking through the town hand in hand. There were Wilson Steers by the art master and some woodcuts by the mistress. There was a study of sunlight on clouds as full of praise to God as a hymn in a chapel. There was a portrait of a girl with beautifully curled hair that reminded me of the late Mr. Williams, barber. Mr. Williams, sometimes known as the most artful man in the forest and sometimes as the richest, was describing the fate of one of his colleagues: "And then he married a lady hairdresser—you know the sort: the sort that just curls up and dies." There was a painting of a cat which, as the principal of the Art School rightly pointed out, looked like a William Gear if you took the head away—it was a striped tabby. There were two curious pictures of some flowers in vases which were crammed with all the classic schizophrenic symptoms, including the made-up letters. The painter, though, is a very gentle and quiet man. There were woods, glades, glens, dales, meadows, castles, wild flowers, schoolchildren, ballet dancers, sunsets and—a prophet.

The prophet in a red robe stood in the bottom left-hand corner of a painting of a great panoramic golden plain—the fields like honey sandwiches laid out on a huge plate. Above in the sky was a large sun, each one of its rays like a plank one might walk up. The picture, nailed to four slats of wood, also painted gold, was called *Until the Day Break*. The painter earns his living in the building trade. Not knowing him personally, I am not sure whether he wants a great P for Primitive plastered on his back, whether he wants to be "taken up," compared to Wallis the fisherman painter in Cornwall, and perhaps have his work published by L— H—s. As a schoolboy he was sickly, missed lessons, and so, when he did turn up, was told to go and draw something. It was when he started plumbing that Mr. Griffiths taught him to read. He was persuaded to go to evening classes at an art school and there they proposed that he should learn lettering. Later he bought a horse to keep himself company and also an encyclopædia to learn all about horses. Now he paints three or four pictures a year: their subjects often from the scriptures, their light visionary.

The show will be open for a week, the entrance fee is 6*d*., and about 500 people will visit it. I doubt whether any of them will buy *Until the Day Break*—though some may admire the cows, one to a field because no more would fit in. Mr. Griffiths, however, will remain benignly, protectively, properly appreciative of his one-time pupil.

Is what I've written a fair description of a small town amateur art show? Am I idealising it? Yes, deliberately. Am I evading all problems of assessment and standard? Yes, again deliberately. Of course there is bickering and snobbery. Of course, the vast majority of the works are, judged by the standards of the capital museums of Europe, banal, sloppy, trite, boring and unoriginal. Of course Mr. Griffiths's outlook is parochial if at his age he is prepared to spend whole days hanging indifferent pictures in a dingy upper room in a town whose importance declines every year. But the majority of these works are no more sentimental or unoriginal than the majority of contemporary works in the Biennale at Venice. Nor is Mr. Griffiths any more parochial than those who officiate there, doing less work with a hundred times more self-importance. Conventional sentimentality is immediately recognisable; unconventional sentimentality is not, but when seen for what it is, it is often more perverse—it is healthier to be sentimental about babies than about skeletons. Sentimentality is a way of evading relevant facts. Hollyhock cottages evade no more than Francis Bacon's screams. Highlights on a cut-glass vase with sweet peas in it are no more superficial than the spikes of Lucien Freud's obsessively rendered cacti. (I take Bacon and Freud as examples because they represented this country at the Biennale this year.) As for the issue of narrowness and parochialism; 500 of the 3,000 inhabitants of this town will go to this exhibition and enjoy it. Is anything like that proportion of the whole population interested in the Biennale? Would anything like that proportion visit the Biennale even if it only cost them 6*d*.?

The hard cleavage between highbrow culture and middle (or low) brow culture often leads people to think of them as being totally opposed in character. In fact this is not always so. Barrie and Christopher Fry, for instance, use very different vocabularies of experience, but the nature of their conclusions is very similar. A fire-tong piece of sculpture, photographed as such works often are against the sea, raises—and disappoints—the same sort of sense of "mystery" as a watercolour of the sun setting behind St. Michael's Mount. Some enjoy the abstraction of stereotyped glamour: others the glamour of abstraction. You can day-dream with pin-ups or—to use Malevich's phrase—you can day-dream in "the desert of non-objective feeling." Reality and truth are outside the scope of both.

Yet if this is so, if our highbrow culture and our "popular" culture are often the reverse sides of the same coin, why do I condemn the Biennale and champion the local art show? In the name of Folk Art? In the name of Popular Art? No, for neither exists. The works in the Town Hall are in idiom as metropolitan as those in the Royal Academy, and in personality they are predominantly middle-class. I champion it for the sake of what I tried to imply at the beginning of this article—its human context. The works there, despite both their faults and their virtues, will form a nucleus for associations, reminiscences, arguments, stories, history, to nearly all those who climb the stairs to see them. Mr. Griffiths did not believe he was hanging masterpieces. He was content simply to be hanging his own district's art show. Until we have achieved that spirit—not in terms of so many small towns—but in terms of an entire people, art will generally remain a luxury. And we shall not achieve it by "education," by discovering Primitives or by lectures on art appreciation. We shall only achieve it by a revolutionary change in our whole society.

JOHN BERGER

LATE JOYS

SOMEONE (could it be a malicious *Zeitgeist*?) has been putting skimmed milk in the Schlagobers. The company who are at present offering us a short season of Viennese operettas in their original language at the Stoll try hard, but only one or two of them are powerful enough magicians to turn the clock back forty years to a time when diplomats seemed glamorous and Slavs quaint. It's not that we aren't all willing to wallow in nostalgia, but we just don't get enough help from the stage. In London we are probably spoilt by having Messrs. Beaton and Messel at hand to evoke departed glories, and although the decor and costumes at the Stoll are pretty enough in their way they hardly suggest the heady opulence of the Straussian world. Perhaps the trouble is that in Central Europe operetta still provides a valid, if fading, mythology—one that needs no elaborate face-lifting to revive it: from our insular vantage-point, alas, it has become all too clear that Danilo's drinking days are as much at an end as Jamshid's.

These melancholy reflections were prompted more particularly by the opening performance of the Straussian concoction, *Wiener Blut*. The absurd complexities of the libretto (by Leon and Stein) can't be summarised here, but the occasional humorous situations which are its only justification had the sting taken out of them by playing the Prime Minister of Reuss-Schleiz-Greiz as an amiable old silly. If he had been made more pompous, more stiff-necked, his teeterings on the edge of a rather shallow moral precipice might have been more diverting. But if the producer, Tony Niessner, was to blame for this, he made up for it in his own part as the local Figaro; his scenes with Pepi (Franzi Wachmann) were the best things in the show. The higher social strata were less well represented. The amorous Count (once a dour Reuss-Schleiz-Greizer) lacked glamour as played by Karl Terkal, although his voice is ideally suited to operetta; it was hard to believe that *three* beautiful women would waste the evening on him. Their shortcomings were histrionic rather than physical; if Miss Bauer could learn to relax, and Miss von Widmann infuse more light and shade into her acting, all would be well.

The Merry Widow was a much more successful occasion, even though the orchestra sounded as if it would have been more at home with *Merrie England*. Otto Falvay played Danilo with superb panache, and almost managed to make a hit out of his rather dreary little extra number before the last act. Our opinion of Franzi Wachmann as the most accomplished of the ladies was confirmed by her performance as Valencienne; she can act, sing, *and* do the splits. Christine von Widmann lacked the fire of the ideal Widow, but then she had only a couple of feathers in place of a Hat; how could she be expected to challenge the illustrious Widows of the past? But there are so many good tunes in Lehar's score that one could not help yielding to the Viennese magic, perhaps because the scene is supposed to be Paris and the *Gemütlichkeit* is allowed to be a shade less insistent than in *Wiener Blut*.

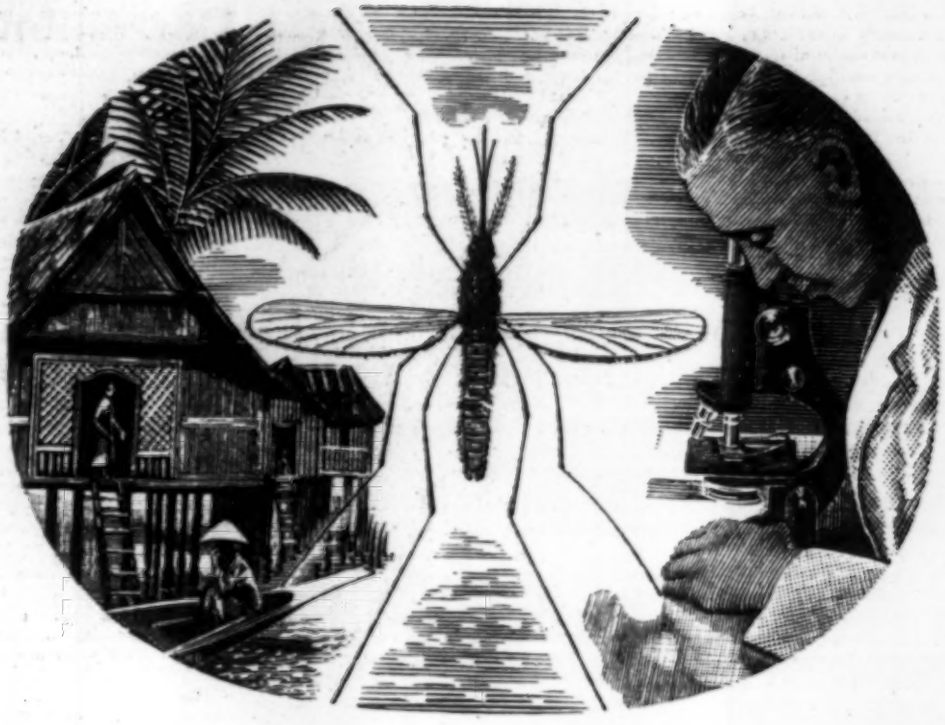
The score of Kalman's *Csardasfürstin* contains the most sophisticated writing of these three pieces, but it lacks Strauss's and Lehar's memorable tunes. Eleonore Bauer looked superb as Sylva, the queen of the Budapest night-clubs, but failed to convince us that her temperament was more than mild hysteria. The male leads were in the capable hands of Falvay and Niessner, and as Feri Bacsi the veteran Fritz Imhoff scored his hat-trick—the only member of the company to be completely successful in all three productions. If you have any memories of operetta's great days, take them with you: the present can do with a little assistance from the past.

JEREMY NOBLE

LOOK AND LISTEN

HOW salutary it was, the other evening, to see Mr. Denis Forman's programme of excerpts from films currently on show at the Edinburgh Film Festival. And how maddening, of course, that it was only excerpts that we were allowed to see, for three at least were enchanting: a French film on the mating rites of penguins, a Russian film about the adventures of a small boy in a train at night, and a Canadian documentary about horse-breaking. One wanted to see the whole of them. Yet one thing at any rate they taught us, a lesson reinforced a few evenings later by an older film from Edinburgh, John Eldridge's *Waverley Steps*: and that is, how badly we need films on television, and by films in this instance I don't mean television film—we get plenty of that—but the films, whether commercial or documentary, the film-makers make. We need them for many reasons, but the most important is probably that they set standards. Television films are, and must be, made quickly and cheaply; the return on the money invested in them is severely limited. They are cheap, and generally they look it. There are, of course, exceptions, for instance the admirable films on British artists—Sutherland and Sickert have been dealt with so far—produced by the Television Documentary Department. But these are intended, unless I am mistaken, for projection abroad, in British Council centres and elsewhere, as well as for showing on TV; and they serve to emphasise what Mr. Forman's programme illustrated, that visual beauty as we have learnt to know it from the art of the cinema is one of the rarest things we experience on the television screen.

Television is not an art: it is a means of communication. The whole range of what it could communicate, if it were allowed to, we seldom see,



Man Against Mosquito

MALARIA has killed more men than wars have ever done. Its conquests in days gone by have played a large part in determining the pattern of civilisation. Even during the last war, its influence was felt in many theatres of operation. It often caused more casualties to Service personnel than were inflicted by the enemy. Prior to 1925, the only anti-malarial in general use was quinine. In that year the synthetic compound pamaquin was introduced, to be followed by mepacrine in 1930. Although these drugs represented a great advance in the prevention and treatment of the disease, it was not until 1944 that efforts to find a more effective and less toxic drug resulted in the discovery of 'Paludrine' in the I.C.I. research laboratories. The new drug proved supreme in the protection and treatment of all those working in malarious areas and, after being in use for some eight years, it is established in world medical practice as a vital attacking force in the fight against the disease.

In numerous countries 'Paludrine' is being used extensively by Governments, large employers of labour, the armed forces, and in countless households. In Korea, the incidence of malaria was exceptionally low among those troops of the Commonwealth Division who received the drug as a matter of routine. Furthermore, 'Paludrine' was one of the drugs carried by the successful Everest expedition. Tested in war, proved in peace, 'Paludrine' is playing a significant part in safeguarding the health of millions of people of many races and creeds. It is only one of the discoveries of world significance which have accrued from I.C.I.'s research and development programme—a programme to which the company devotes no less than £7,500,000 per year.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited

ICI

for commercial reasons. Before this article appears in print there will have been heard, in the Light Programme, *Close-up of Sir Carol Reed*. I have no wish to pre-judge what may well be an admirable half-hour, but one fact does stick out a mile; Sir Carol Reed is our most distinguished film-director, and you can't show films by means of sound broadcasting. However good the programme may be, something will be missing: the pictures Sir Carol has made. Why, then, don't we have the programme on TV, where we could see the pictures? I imagine the answer is a simple one: that the films are not available to television. Where films that may conceivably still have box-office value are concerned, the B.B.C. suffers from a boycott on the part of the British film industry. When, for instance, Mr. Paul Rotha and Mr. Basil Wright made their film *Worlds Without End* for Unesco, they had to decide whether to allow it to be shown in commercial cinemas and lose the television audience or whether to give it to television and in consequence be denied exhibition in cinemas. They chose to give it to television, thereby obtaining immediately, at a single showing, an audience for it of several millions.

An audience of millions—that is the heart of the matter; and the film industry's attitude towards TV is perfectly understandable. But whether it need be so rigid may be questioned. No one wants to turn television into a substitute for the local Odeon, and many films, perhaps a majority, are unsuitable for television projection, not because of subject-matter but because they require a much larger screen to be effective. This came out plainly in Mr. Forman's programme, in which from the point of television the least successful film was the extract from Elia Kazan's *Waterfront;* there was, simply, too much action, too much movement, too many people, for the small TV screen to take.

All the same, one can wistfully hope that sometime, preferably in the not too distant future, a repertory cinema, a film society on TV, may be possible. It would be good for viewers, and it would be good for television itself, since where the visual image on the screen is concerned, the standards must be derived from the best films. No doubt the interests of the cinema industry must be protected; but I cannot believe, for example, that last week's anthology of extracts from the films of Miss Rita Hayworth, beginning as it did at ten minutes past ten at night, could possibly have affected attendances at what the Americans call the neighbourhood cinema, or that seeing it would be likely to damage attendance at Miss Hayworth's films in the future. But beyond this, the best films of the past are as much part of our heritage as the best books, and ideally they should be as readily available. TV is the obvious medium for disseminating them.

Doubtless the film industry and television will come to terms in time; the problem is the old one of the clash between the revolutionary discovery and the vested interests it appears to threaten. Herein it is quite different from that of the relations between television and sound broadcasting, on which I wrote recently in this column. In a letter in last week's issue, Mr. Leonard Cottrell courteously and cogently took me up on some remarks I had made on his sound programme, *The New Pyramid*. On reflection, I am bound to agree that I over-stated my case so far as Mr. Cottrell's programme is concerned. Mr. Cottrell's interest was in the process of discovery and in the discoverer, Dr. Goniem, and there, as he says, there could be no substitute for what he produced with "a lot of patience and a tape-recorder." Yet I am bound to reiterate that listening to the programme, I felt the need all the time, much as I appreciated the privilege of eavesdropping on Dr. Goniem's thinking aloud, of the visual image in addition. I wanted to *see* what was being discovered, and I believe in fact that the visual image would, in an ideal relationship between sound and TV, be an essential preliminary to such a programme as Mr. Cottrell's. Which suggests that in some instances the two media can and ought to be complementary to each other.

WILLIAM SALTER

THE MOVIES

"Young Lovers," at the Leicester Square Theatre

"Three Coins in the Fountain," at the Carlton

"Flame and the Flesh," at the Ritz

I have just come from seeing Antony Asquith's *Young Lovers*, which strikes me as much the best English film since *Genevieve*. This love story, with its London background, is genuine and beautifully set down, and two new performers, Odile Versois and David Knight, capture us with their freshness. Without making the film less, one could question some later touches and see other possible developments. But I must leave reviewing this film till next week.

CinemaScope drama begins to take shape. It sees life—like the Civil Servant—in triplicate. Not boy meets girl, but three boys meet three girls. The boys are rich (if possible), and the girls share an apartment, one of those Cinema-Scopic apartments with such a view and room for the love-hungry to prowl, get together, and hug loneliness in a corner. Two will sit at table while the third reclines, or one will pace up and down while the others watch, or all three will lean on the balcony. What's this below, endlessly approaching? The hero's car—one of the three heroes. He jumps out. His voice leaps in unseen belfries. Very likely he has brought his choir with him or at least a whiff from the great curvilinear spaces. It may even be—with a lift of the heart for some and a sinking for others—Mr. Clifton Webb.

Before the titles, *Three Coins in the Fountain* treats us to a tour of the fountains in Rome, charming, some spreading cool aprons in public squares, other trickling or spouting in a shade, but all haunted by the same frightful song. It burbles miasmatically, about a little happiness. The camera flees here, there; no good, it can't get away. And that, as you may guess, is the trouble with the whole film: it can't get away. There's all Rome waiting—and very nice, too, as from time to time displayed—but we have to tag along with the three American ladies who throw coins in the fountain and find love and muddle it and clear it and come back at the end of the year to fling three more coins.

The three love stories aim at an assortment of triteness. (1) She has loved her boss for years, he suddenly responds, is told by doctor he will die in year, goes distant again, but melts (Clifton Webb, of course, high-nose novelist with two epigrams and a floppy tie). (2) She sets trap for rakish Prince, he falls, she confesses, they bite, they lick, etc. (3) Touch of originality—he's not so rich and a visit to the old farm flings them, with a car crash, into one another's arms—what can introduce drama now?—they're both employed in the same office, and office rules say no fraternisation. Now, even by Hollywood standards, not one of these stories would stand a chance by itself; but all together, they attain the magic of CinemaScope. They even affect an air of smart discovery. The only compensating feature is the background of Rome and Venice, of which the wide screen gives plenty.

Italy seems to have come to Hollywood, for Naples and its adjacent coast are the setting of *Flame and the Flesh*. Unfortunately, the hero of this piece is a restaurant entertainer who goes round singing at women, and we get a good deal of this, though at least with better tunes than "Three Coins in the Fountain." Mr. Carlos Thompson is woman-crazy; so he meets Miss Lana Turner who is man-crazy. They craze away at one another, each with a decent worshipper in the background, and take the coast road together, and in the end he goes back by car while she walks off into the mist, as once Miss Dietrich, on high heels, took the desert. All this film needs is someone of the Dietrich calibre, or another Mae West: either it should be grandly, absurdly romantic or grandly comic. Miss Turner isn't within miles of either.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

Correspondence

THE PARTY OLIGARCHIES

SIR,—Mr. Crossman, in his article on the growth of party oligarchies, is trying to father too many crimes on this particular development.

I doubt if collective Cabinet responsibility has diminished. In foreign affairs, for instance, many issues now go to the Cabinet on which a Foreign Secretary 50 years ago would have consulted only the Prime Minister. The extent to which the Prime Minister relies upon a small group depends, surely, upon his own personality and the quality of his colleagues, and has nothing to do with party oligarchies.

The dismissal of inefficient Ministers is also very much a question of the Prime Minister's own attitude. No Prime Minister has ever been able, in constructing his government, to disregard the balance of interests in his own party. I can think of no recent evidence that the increased strength of the party oligarchies had introduced a major new element into this problem.

Nor am I much impressed by Mr. Crossman's "political Gresham's Law," which seems to be just a complicated way of saying "All power corrupts." All parties (not only "mass" parties) tend to "drift towards the Centre" because in a Parliamentary election the contestants inevitably find themselves competing for the same uncommitted block of central votes. It is arguable (as Professor Cole has recently argued) that the Labour Party should resist this temptation and put forward a red-blooded policy which, at the risk of losing the election, would sow the seeds of future victories for Socialism. This may well be sound advice, but I doubt if the power of oligarchies enters much into the argument. The urge for office has tempted politicians of all ages, and not only party oligarchs.

Despite Mr. Crossman's sense of oppression, there is today as much free argument within the parties as anyone could ask for. If the outcome of the argument has not so far been to Mr. Crossman's liking, the reason is surely that such things depend "very largely upon the climate of opinion."

If opinion is won over, party machines can be pulled over, too. I believe that this process is going on normally at present. I am astonished to hear it suggested that the press and the B.B.C. fail to convey the "vigorous and purposeful" debates which are going on inside the parties. On the contrary, the reporting of private Labour Party meetings (and even of the National Executive) is all too regular and faithful!

Is not Mr. Crossman seeking to blame party organisation for what is really a failure in clarity and catching power of the case which he has at heart?

KENNETH YOUNGER

House of Commons, S.W.1.

SIR,—Mr. Crossman asks the Labour Party to now destroy the Juggernaut of Civil Service Totalitarianism it created. To those of us who were pleased to call ourselves Socialists—and at a time when it was not at all fashionable to do so, and since we were students at the time, not at all pleasing to the University authorities—we dreamed of the day when we could give the people of this country the blessings of Socialist administration.

Came the dawn.

We have learned to our bitter disillusionment that "Socialism" and "public ownership" mean the creation of an astronomical number of regulations, a horde of clerks with tinpot gauleiters in control to do the necessary snooping and pushing around, where regulations created by these people become *ipso facto* the law of the land, where the informer is encouraged and treated as a privileged person (read some of the Statutory Rules and Orders issued in connection with the Health Service); and where inquiries and "tribunals" simulate the High Courts (evidence taken on oath and sworn on the Bible). The new aristocracy—those elected by their various cliques to the epidemic number of committees of one kind and another which have been created—is no

"Daddy, what is earth made of?"

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more tolerant or intelligent than the effete privileged class it replaces.

This new feudalism is so strongly entrenched that even a Tory Government can do nothing to break the irresponsible power of the new aristocracy. That is why Socialism has lost the support of those who, like myself, had no desire to replace one sort of tyranny with another, much more distributed, and not nearly so easily overcome as Crossman would have us believe. He need not worry over our political future. We shall not vote Tory as he assumes. As far as I am concerned, a plague on both their houses.

J. ROSS-MANSELL

Edgware, Middlesex.

HEADS IN A BUCKET OF SAND

SIR,—Your correspondents Mr. Peter Rudland and Mr. Denis Goodall clearly belong to that minority who would rather be communised than vaporised. Indeed the latter is so anxious to remain alive that he comforts himself with the illusion that we might be able to get back "some" of the lost freedoms. Both of them ask how I know what choice the majority of English people would make. I judge by the past history of this great nation, which right up to 1940 has preferred death to slavery. I have no reason to think they have deteriorated. The minority to which your correspondents belong may argue that it is better to be a live dog than a dead lion. But surely not if the dog is mentally diseased and permanently tied to an iron chain.

Henley-on-Thames. ESHER

SIR,—Lord Esher is wrong to think that a majority of his fellow-countrymen would disapprove of an agreement not to use the hydrogen bomb except in retaliation. Members of my society recently put the following question, among others, to a representative sample of the Cambridge population (59% of whom approved of American forces being stationed in Britain): *Would you approve or disapprove if the British Government declared that it would never agree to the use of hydrogen or atom bombs by Britain or her allies unless these weapons had first been used against them?* The answers were: Approve 65%, Disapprove 16%, Undecided 5%, No Opinion 13%.

Shortly afterwards a Gallup Poll (the results of which are quoted by courtesy of the *News Chronicle*) found that 24% of its sample believe that we should refuse to use atomic weapons in any circumstances, while a further 42% believe that they should be used only if an aggressor uses or threatens to use them first. We may thus conclude that 66% of the Gallup sample would approve of a declaration against the initial use of mass murder weapons. The replies were little correlated with political party affiliations, and only 27% of Conservatives believe that circumstances may justify us in starting nuclear warfare.

There is no reason to suppose that the minority (25% of the Gallup sample, and between 16% and 21% in Cambridge), who believe that the atomic threat is a deterrent to war, are so sunk in gloom that they see no choice before us but to be "destroyed by . . . the hydrogen bomb . . . or conquered by the vast armies of Russia." Nor is there any evidence that even those who recognise this alternative, and then choose destruction, would prefer "to be vaporised rather than communised."

Cambridge Peace Front, S. W. GREEN,
43 Wulstan Way, Cambridge. *Hon. Secretary*

LEST WE FORGET

SIR,—Mr. Kingsley Martin, reviewing Lord Russell's book, concludes: "The only comment I wish to add is that the book should be made compulsory reading in every German school." The psychological value of such a procedure—the likelihood that it would produce healthy adults—is questionable: but if Lord Russell's production ever did become a textbook, another, side by side with it, should be no less compulsory. This would record the valour of those Germans (never mind how small a minority—there isn't such a huge supply of heroes anywhere) who risked death, and the torture they duly received, by their opposition to the Nazis: and would record, also, acts of kindness and help on the part of "ordinary" Germans—some of which are on record, and others privately known—toward's Hitler's victims.

A doctor of my race, preaching in his synagogue on a Day of Atonement a couple of centuries ago, gave the following advice to his congregants: "Hurry over the prayer: 'For the Sin,' and meditate preferably on the prayer: 'And Thou, O Lord, shalt reign.'"

VICTOR GOLLANCZ

[Of course the heroism of the Resistance is an essential part of the story. A book entitled *Lettere di Condamnati a Morte della Resistenza Europea*, recently published in Turin, should exactly serve the purpose. It contains 703 letters by anti-Nazi resisters awaiting death in sixteen countries.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

OBSCENE BOOKS

SIR,—I have often wondered if those who advocate the banning of books for the purpose of protecting the morals of the young ever consult the people for whom their concern is felt.

I am convinced that no intelligent boy or girl of fifteen or sixteen, brought up in a happy and cultivated family environment, would take harm from reading any book on the shelves of a normal Public Library. It is, surely, upon those less happily situated, or less intelligent, that books of the type to which Mr. Birch refers might have an ill-effect; upon such people as are less likely to make regular use of library facilities than their more fortunate fellows, and I would deny emphatically that the answer to their problem lies in closing the adult section of the Public Library to all those under seventeen.

Such a scheme would deny the schoolboy free access to Forster, Hardy, Mary Webb, Dostoevsky, Tolstoy, Dickens and Scott, to select at random a few of the greater novelists, and to say nothing of Drama, Poetry, Science or the Classics. It would throw an impossible burden on school libraries, and while it might not effect permanent psychological damage on young readers it would inevitably be to the irreparable detriment of their mental development.

This would be a heavy price to pay, even if it made certain that the adolescent was shielded from "books which might instruct him in amatory techniques" which it would not; and even if it could be proved, and it cannot, that such books are dangerous.

As an example of what is, in my opinion, the right method, obtaining what, I hope, are fairly satisfactory results, I would cite the library of my own Grammar school, which is open without reservation to boys of eleven and upwards, and to girls of fourteen and upwards from the neighbouring High school. Among other "dubious" works available, the *Canterbury Tales* (in translation) and the *Decameron* have recently been added to stock.

It is true that the demand for them has been high, nor would I attempt to deny that, in the majority of cases, the motivating force behind the request has been not a love of classical literature, but, in the words of one reader, a desire "to see what all the fuss is about."

It is amazing how frequently, however, the *Decameron* is returned with a laconic "read half-a-dozen and you've read the lot," an attitude which, if a trifle unfair to Boccaccio, is scarcely that of the determined seeker of sex instruction.

There can, I feel, be little doubt that if Mr. Birch's daughter turns out according to his forecast, his wisest plan will be to allow her to read what she likes, and to discuss or criticise her choice only upon her invitation.

SIXTH-FORMER

SOCIALIST OUTLOOK

SIR,—Mr. Kaufman assumes the right to interpret the National Executive's circular proscribing *Socialist Outlook* in his own way. Hence he does not regard the proscription as prohibiting him from reading the journal. What right has Mr. Kaufman to assume this? Has he any more right than I have to assume the opposite? Apparently, if we are to accept his argument, one Constituency Labour Party is justified in taking no action at all whilst another may indulge in a full-scale heresy hunt. To read the *Outlook* in one part of his city may be a "crime" whilst just across the road it is only "criminal" to sell it. Viewed from this standpoint, the N.E.C. circular is not only illiberal. It is ridiculous.

Mr. Kaufman next declares that the *Socialist Outlook*, unlike THE NEW STATESMAN and *Tribune*, criticises Labour Party policy from a standpoint "inherently hostile." Its influence is "really pernicious." Its supporters are motivated by "an unpleasant dislike of the Labour Party." By what test does Mr. Kaufman distinguish "inherently hostile" criticism from other criticism? When does a minority cease to be "a ginger group of the sort the Labour Party needs"? How does it transform itself into "a pernicious influence"? By what process of clairvoyance is it revealed to Mr. Kaufman that Mr. A. of his Ward criticises the Party from a desire to improve it whilst Mr. B. gives vent to the same criticism from a desire to destroy it?

Is all policy to be accepted only if it originates from the majority of the N.E.C. and all opposition to this policy to be tolerated only if it originates from the minority of the same body? This is indeed a strange doctrine!

Mr. Kaufman must realise that the issues raised by the proscription of *Socialist Outlook* are far more serious than he at present supposes. It is not a question of dealing with any small disruptive factions which may or may not exist within the Party. It is the principle of freedom of expression which is at stake. Once the *Socialist Outlook* is proscribed, there is no logical reason whatsoever why any other journal owned, financed, or contributed to by members of the Labour Party should not sooner or later fall victim to the same type of treatment.

18 Malvern Avenue, TREVOR PARK
Bury, Lancs.

A CORRECTION

In our issue of August 14, 1954, a correspondent in Germany referred to a cartoon drawn by Herr Mirco Szewzuk in *Die Welt*, and stated that Herr Szewzuk had formerly been the cartoonist of *Das Reich*. Herr Szewzuk informs us that he had no such association with *Das Reich*.

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Heir To Two Worlds

A FEW months before his assassination, Mahatma Gandhi said of Nehru: "Jawaharlal is my political heir. He may differ from me while I am living. But when I am gone, he will begin speaking my language." That was seven years ago. Last week, Nehru rebuked extremists of the Left and Right who wished to end the Goan dispute by force. He explained that violence would bring no real solution since it would leave "a trail of bitterness, conflict and international ill-will behind." India did not wish to quarrel with Portugal, but to persuade her to make a fair settlement, as Gandhi would have wished, by the technique of non-violence. Nehru announced his policy to a conference of newspaper editors; this is his substitute for the Mahatma's prayer meetings.

Nehru was again speaking Gandhi's language when he defended his joint settlement with Chou En-lai by saying: "If today the great countries of the world declare their adherence to this policy of non-interference with other countries, it is obvious that an immediate change for the better will take place in the world. Even if such declarations are not sincerely meant, the result will be to create a force in favour of peace and non-interference. Peace can only be preserved by methods of peace . . . We must have the idea of peace before us and this means that we must give up the habit of denouncing other countries even though we may disagree with them." With typical candour however, he added that while trusting your opponent —your offer of friendship must be sincere—you should also prepare "against any eventuality."

Nehru often differed from Gandhi about politics, but frequently followed the Mahatma's advice against his better judgment because the old man had an insight and a knack of understanding of India denied to ordinary men. From his association with Gandhi, Nehru inherited an insoluble inner conflict about the use of force. He was aware that the technique of non-violence, so successful against British rulers who were periodically checked by an outbreak of democratic conscience at home, provided no guidance to resisters when they themselves had achieved power. Gandhi was no more a pacifist in Kashmir than Nehru. It seems probable that, had he not been assassinated, he would have agreed, in practice, that India's role in the Cold War must be to refuse to be "involved" in either Power Bloc, to seek by every means to fulfil the practical role of peace-maker—while at the same time strengthening Indian defences. In this role of peace-maker Nehru has had notable success; the cease-fire in Korea (and, partly, in Indo-China also) is the work of Nehru. His reputation as an international statesman has unhappily been blemished by the dispute in Kashmir. If the difficulties which confronted him here have not been appreciated, and if he has been widely criticised as a pacifist who could not make peace on his own doorstep, he has himself largely to blame. The most reasonable and clear-headed of men on other topics, he finds it difficult to discuss Kashmir without passion.

Nehru never shared Gandhi's other-worldly Hinduism. His revolt was against imperialism, not against Western culture. Heir to the democratic and industrial traditions of Europe, as well as those of his own country, he has always desired a modern, developed India, not a return to the spinning-wheel. An aristocratic Brahmin, he was brought up by a father who had himself a Western training as a lawyer and sent his son to be educated at Harrow and Cambridge. According to his own account Jawaharlal was no great student in those days, but he maintained an affection for England which he has never lost in spite of some sixteen years in prison. Nor did he ever lose his sense of fun and boyish zest. He thought it the best joke in the world on his last visit to England, when he had left his schooldays behind for more than 40 years, that as Prime Minister of India, he should find himself standing side-by-side with Sir Winston Churchill, the toughest and most enduring enemy of Indian freedom, singing "Forty Years On" at an Old Harrovian dinner.

It was after his return to India in 1912 that he found himself irresistibly carried along by the tide of Indian nationalism. His formidable father, then a moderate reformer, was alarmed at his son's extremism but after Amritsar he was ready to join with Jawaharlal's mother, wife, sisters and with most of his friends in those non-violent, but rebellious activities which could only lead to suffering and imprisonment. The family's pride in Jawaharlal as the darling of the masses was unlimited, but as he himself relates, they tried to hide it lest he should be too conceited by teasingly calling him *Bharat Bhushan*—"Jewel of India" *Tyagamurti*—"O Embodiment of Sacrifice." Only his mother insisted on taking him seriously!

In 1926 Jawaharlal was present at the Brussels League against Imperialism conference, at which most of the future European and Asian and African leaders against colonialism took part. In 1929 he became President of Congress and during the 'thirties, when he was at liberty, he took part in world politics, speaking on "popular front" platforms against the growing menace of Fascism and war. Profoundly impressed by the Russian Revolution, and completely aware of the trend of social and national revolution, he was yet repelled by the fanaticism and potential violence of Communism and prepared to follow Gandhi as the exponent of a better technique of revolution.

Totally lacking the religious temperament, Nehru learnt with difficulty the lesson of non-violent resistance. In his *Autobiography*, he describes with what an effort he restrained himself from pulling from his horse the policeman

Edinburgh:

PICTURESQUE NOTES

'Stevenson's comments do not stale with the passing of years. They contain some of his best and most individual writing. The photographs [by Alvin Langdon Coburn] in this new edition are startlingly beautiful and I agree with the editor that such photographs by a sensitive artist are the best accompaniment to the text. . . . As to the editor [Janet Adam Smith], I thought her Preface sensitive and extremely understanding.'

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Mary Coleridge

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Frontispiece. 15s.

HART-DAVIS

who beat him with a lathi. Years of self-discipline in gaol taught him to endure without bitterness or submission. Physically, he kept fit by doing Yogi exercises—he still stands on his head every day before breakfast—intellectually, he spent his prison years reading intensively, writing his *Autobiography, Discovery of India* and other books, and planning for the coming non-violent revolution. When the time came, he was able to lead the masses because he could detach himself from their fanaticism, whilst sharing their passion for freedom.

Occasionally, it is true, he still shows his temper and he knows how to lose it with advantage. It may happen, for instance, when he is addressing one of those great, excited mass meetings that are so characteristic of India. There is a dangerous swaying that may produce panic. Nehru leaps from the platform, seizes some shouting, hysterical leader, pummels and pushes him into a sitting position on the ground, and forces others to follow his example. Stunned by the sudden onslaught, awed by the hero's anger, the crowd submit shamefacedly, and order is restored. Nehru proceeds with his speech in a respectful silence. Perhaps the most famous instance of this kind occurred when a million or so (there is no way of estimating) gathered in a solid mass on the banks of the River Jumna at Gandhi's funeral. Even before the pyre was lit, once the people got to their feet and started pushing forward, the chances of hundreds being crushed to death were great. Nehru leapt into the mob, shouting to everyone to sit down, and finally seized one woman who refused, and pushed her to the ground. He himself is without any sense of personal fear; he greatly resents guards and is the despair of "security." For a long time after Gandhi's death his friends in India breathed a sigh of relief every evening when they heard that Panditji had returned safely from his day's work.

Nehru is a man of science, not only in the sense that he studied Science at Cambridge as well as Law, but in the sense that he accepted his father's humanistic approach to politics, hating all forms of bigotry and claims to infallibility. He has all the modern man's contempt for ceremonial; he has difficulty in disguising his impatience as the garlands pile up round his shoulders. Above all, he hates superstition. In Nepal he made a profound impression by brusquely refusing to take part in the customary animal sacrifices, saying that the only sacrifices he recognised were those made for the good of mankind. His example has done more than any legislation could to help Young India to break away from the less savoury aspects of Hinduism.

To understand the part that Nehru has played in the world during the last six years, one must recall the prophecies that were current when the British left India. Socialists hoped for a far more resolute and swift social change in India. Some prophesied the rapid growth of Communism. Communism, in fact, has recently lost ground, even in Travancore-Cochin where it is strongest, and it has found in Nehru and the other Congress leaders a relentless opposition. At the same time, it is true that Nehru's Five Year Plan—much of which was drafted by his own hand—creditable and ambitious as it is, and carrying with it a finely equipped string of scientific research institutes, is by no means an adequate answer to those who say that sooner or later Communism will come to India unless the vested interests that lie behind Congress are defeated, and unless the glowing promise of land reform is far more rapidly fulfilled. The splendidly conceived community projects for Indian villages and the construction of hydro-electric dams do not meet the obvious criticism that, on its present lines, the reform movement in India barely suffices to maintain the abysmally low standard of living of the Indian peasantry, whose numbers increase by geometrical progression. Nehru and Radhakrishnan have both successfully flouted ancient Hindu prejudice, and urged birth control as a reply to Malthusian gloom. But Nehru would not himself contend that his Government, which still mainly represents Hindu reactionaries and Big Business interests, has fulfilled the promise of the Indian revolution or provided a refutation to Marxian prophecy.

When the British left India it was current talk that the Administration would be so corrupt and inefficient without its backbone of British civil servants that India would dissolve in chaos; that the princes would never be reconciled to Delhi, and that the effect of British departure would be the "Balkanisation" of India. Actually India has freely chosen to remain within the Commonwealth, and her economic and social relationship with Britain are for the first time happy and mutually beneficial. In these matters, of supreme and first importance to the new India, Nehru, aided at first by Patel and Mountbatten, has been triumphantly successful. Every new country, if it is to survive at all, must pass through a phase in which the political forces making for disruption are overcome by the central Administration. In India the most important of these forces were, first, the Princes, and then communalism. With the first of these, Delhi was wholly successful, to the surprise of the world, except in Kashmir.

No unprejudiced person who has studied the Hyderabad situation could blame Nehru for sending the Indian Army there. Again, communalism, the great enemy, which Gandhi gave his life to defeat, has been, if not crushed, at least politically scotched by Nehru. This will stand as his most lasting memorial, and to those who complain that he has compromised his Socialist principles and permitted Indian politics to run into a groove in which, in the future, the battle may well be between a reactionary Congress and an alien Communism, Nehru's reply must be that his job was first to build the country, and that, if he had taken the advice of many of his friends, left Congress, and become leader of the Socialist Party, there would have been no one to save India from political disruption within and, outside, involvement in the Cold War.

The real criticism of Nehru is different. He is too much an individualist. People criticise his lack of method, and declare that he is no administrator. This is to miss the point. Such faults would be of no importance if he had gathered round him a team of younger men who shared his outlook. They exist, but they are few, and his inspiration does not come primarily from such personal contacts, but from outside. It comes from the common people to him. He has not found that time for group discussion which would enable him clearly to formulate policy and explain it as one of a Party to the Indian masses. Friends of India are frightened at the degree to which the country depends on the personal influence of one man. His popularity is immeasurable; there is between him and the masses a sympathy and a devotion which holds the country together, restores the confidence of the people, and perennially provides Nehru himself with a spiritual nourishment which enables him, in his mid-sixties, to work unceasingly, and with a resilience after fatigue which sometimes seems miraculous. But the question remains: if Gandhi had disciples, the greatest of whom was Nehru, to carry on his work, who is in training now to carry on Nehru's?

Books in General

"Often and often," wrote Elizabeth Barrett in 1842,

> do I look back, leap back in spirit over the great gulph of darkness between my *now* and my *then*, and think of the moment when the door was first opened to me of the permission to love you. . . .

These and other words—extravagant as they may seem to our taste today—were addressed to no closer acquaintance than her elderly friend Mary Russell Mitford, six years after their first meeting had been contrived by the whimsical Mr. Kenyon; three years before Robert Browning (again not without Mr. Kenyon's artful hand) had transformed himself from a name on a volume of poems to a formidable living friend.

However, the Miss Barrett of 1836 was not the frail and mysterious sibyl to whom the poet was to write some nine years later, but an excessively shy young woman, poetically gifted, newly arrived in London, and looking much less than her thirty years. As a family the Barretts (eleven brothers and sisters) were far from handsome; but Elizabeth, at least, seems to have had at this time a dark, fragile, rather sensual beauty; certainly she gave no impression of ill-health. The prospect of friendship with kind Miss Mitford—nearly twenty years older than herself; at once a literary celebrity and a homely countrywoman—was not only reassuring but delightful. Miss Mitford informed a friend:

> I hear from her two or three times a week; and such letters! Put Madame de Sévigné and Cowper together and you can fancy them. I doubt, though, whether the Frenchwoman ever wrote so frequently or so diffusely.

For her part, the good creature (in her own field a considerable artist) regarded her pretty, nervous *protégée* with a mixture of affection and generous ambition. "I sit and think of you," she wrote, "and of the poems that you will write, and of that strange, brief rainbow crown called Fame, until the vision is before me as vividly as ever a mother's heart hailed the eloquence of a patriot son. . . . My pride and hopes seem altogether merged in you."

What gives these hitherto unpublished letters* a particular interest is that they cover the significant ten years (which include her life at Gloucester Place, in Torquay, then the whole of the Wimpole Street cycle) directly before her marriage. In this time Elizabeth was to assume, then to put away, the part of a sofa-ridden recluse. (It was in Torquay that the death by drowning of her oldest brother was to change her tentative invalidism into the ritual debility which is still associated with her name.) She was also to become in this period, after the publication of two collections of verse in 1838 and 1844, a celebrated though tantalisingly invisible literary figure.

Sentiment, gossip, discussion of books (the newly appearing Dickens, Balzac and Dumas), such, we might idly think, is the substance of the pages. Has Miss Mitford heard about the royal nurse and royal baby being found both under the cheerful influence of a bottle of brandy? Then there are the valetudinarian absorptions of an age so leisured that being an invalid was in itself a *métier*—official medical treatment veering between monstrous guesswork and fatalistic resignation; the girl who (as she told Miss Mitford) would once run bareheaded out of doors to enjoy the drenching of a thunderstorm, who desired to cut off her hair and run away to lead the free life of a boy (perhaps "as poor Lord Byron's page"), now as an adult recommending to her friend her own daily potion of "morphine and æther"; living in a room almost hermetically sealed, with ivy trained across the windows, and carpets deep in white dust; where dates, and ages, and even times had ceased to have a meaning.

But there are hints of a personality more shrewd, independent and discerning than legend cares to allow. Outside the battle as she had elected to be, she was far from indifferent to the unhappy position of the new Victorian woman. The double standard of morality appeared to her as "an injustice which cries upwards from the earth." As a critic we find her categorically dismissing the idea that Tennyson's poetry was "sensual" ("His forms are too obviously on the surface to wear pulses"); observing that "the failure of religious poets turns less upon their being religious than on their not being poets"; describing Crabbe's work as "poetry inverted. . . . It is as if a portrait painter painted our skeletons." Her premonitory defence of Browning against Miss Mitford's premonitory dislike is on both sides curious; he was, Miss Barrett declared, no imitator; not effeminate; but "a master in clenched passion . . . concentrated passion . . . burning through the metallic fissures of language." And yet, the intensest product of those years were not the letters which we read today, but the two volumes of poetry which we have long ceased to open. The second of these not only confirmed her reputation but drew from Browning that astonishing avowal in January, 1845: "I love your verses with all my heart, dear Miss Barrett . . . and I love you, too."

To anyone opening these volumes now, Browning's cry must surely be as hard to understand as the observations made by *Blackwood's* reviewer that the author's genius was "profound, unsullied, and without a flaw." Certainly it is not an invalid's poetry; nothing of languor touches it; power and bathos are held with equal firmness in its tide. Nor is it basically lyrical. Its tendency is to narrative, now and again infused with high-flowing reflection ("themes," a reviewer complained, "of sublime mystery"), and burdened at such times with a vaporous, unmanageable vocabulary. Yet this poetry is also in the forefront of its time. Its author experiments with metre, with off-rhymes; she introduces a deliberate ruggedness. She makes a bold use of contemporary images, taken from railways, slums and factories. The main piece, as she planned it, was her cherished *Drama of Exile*, a ponderous dramatic poem about the Fall; but there are also several long romantic ballads in a style that a few years later would be known as Pre-Raphaelite; one or two weird and dream-like narratives tinctured with a German medievalism recalling an earlier contemporary, Beddoes; a humanitarian classic, *The Cry of the Children*; a number of solemn sonnets; a lengthy fantasia called *A Vision of Poets* containing such sharply skilful passages as:

> Lucretius, nobler than his mood,
> Who dropped his plummet down the broad
> Deep universe and said "No God —"
>
> Finding no bottom: he denied
> Divinely the divine, and died
> Chief poet on the Tiber-side—

(as well as other lines of a corresponding indignity, as anyone may see who cares to look at the verses on Ossian and Dante); and a "contemporary" piece called *Lady Geraldine's Courtship*, about a high-born lady's choice of a low-born poet—described by its author as "a romance of the age, treating of railroads, routes, and all manner of temporality, and in so radical a manner that I expect to be reproved for it by the Conservative reviews round."

Her own predilection was for the weighty *Drama of Exile*. But popular taste was right in preferring to Miss Barrett's exercises in the unreadable sublime her simpler works: *To Flush My Dog*; the earlier, lyrical *Sea-Mew*:

> . . . He lay down in his grief to die,
> (First looking to the sea-like sky
> That hath no waves) because, alas!
> Our human touch did on him pass,
> And, with our touch, our agony.

—and, above all, the sprightly *Lady Geraldine*. For, dashed off though it was in little more than a day, this poem anticipates in its narrative verve, its satirical eye and ear for the social scene, its "advanced" ideas, and topical references, that later masterpiece *Aurora Leigh*.

Aurora Leigh, published in 1856 and acclaimed by reputable critics (Ruskin, Landor) as almost on a level with the work of Shakespeare, is indeed her major poem; as well as being the clearest guide we have to the disconcerting personality and power of its author. "Modern" it certainly was. "I do distrust," wrote Mrs. Browning—perhaps with a quaint glance backwards at young Miss Barrett—

> I do distrust the poet who discerns
> No character or glory in his times,
> And trundles back his soul five hundred years,
> Past moat and drawbridge, into a castle-court,
> To sing—oh, not of lizard or of toad
> Alive i' the ditch there—'twere excusable,
> But of some black chief, half knight, half sheep-lifter,
> Some beauteous dame, half chattel and half queen,
> As dead as must be, for the greater part,
> The poems made on their chivalric bones;
> And that's no wonder: death inherits death.

The poem is in fact a compact of all that is characteristically best and worst in an intense and forceful writer, sometimes touched with a dark fire; sometimes capable of the strangest lapses. Not infrequently, particularly when she writes of children, she suggests a Roman matron reposing in the most sentimental sloughs of the Eighteen Fifties. These, to a reader, are repellent moments. Yet there is nothing of weakness in her eye for people whom she is able to see dispassionately: an English maiden aunt; fashionable literary critics; guests at a party.

> Good Sir Blaise's brow is high
> And noticeably narrow: a strong wind,

* *Elizabeth Barrett to Miss Mitford.* Edited and introduced by Betty Miller. *Murray.* 25s.

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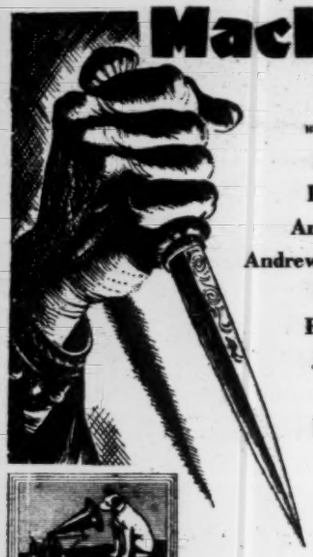

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You fancy, might unroof him suddenly,
And blow that great top attic off his head
So piled with feudal relics. You admire
His nose in profile, though you miss his chin;
But though you miss his chin, you seldom miss
His ebon cross worn innermostly, (carved
For penance by a saintly Styrian monk
Whose flesh was too much with him). . . .

Dialogue too—the malicious chat of social occasions: the gossip among the smart crowd at a wedding—is caught quite brilliantly. There is also range in the poem for her considerable dramatic instinct; and for her rather more fitful gift of natural description—sharpened now by the Browning trick of catching and leaving an abrupt visual image. Yet, where she is less of the story-teller and more of the high poet, she can still fall into long pages of incomprehensible verboseness. "I am afraid I am very apt not to speak plain when I write," she had once confessed. And truly, it is impossible to tell from Marion's cascade of undulating sentences that she is describing her sojourn in a house of ill fame (it is clearly stated elsewhere in the poem), or her discovery that she was just about to become a mother. Prudishness was far from being the reason; it was an inability to resist the emotional grand manner. For the author—a product after all of Regency England and a liberal library, and clever enough in earlier life to withdraw from convention when she could not overcome it—could write with a freedom that even now astonishes the reader.

Marriage against spiritual freedom—social welfare against the noble call of Art—is the novel or the poem the right field for such battles? The evidence suggests that if Miss Barrett was potentially a novelist-poet, Mrs. Browning was not only this but a novelist *manqué*, finding in poetry, however, both the splendour and the disguising mantle that she missed in prose.

Miss Mitford, who died in 1855, was not alive to read *Aurora Leigh*. What had happened to the correspondence after the shock of Miss Barrett's elopement?—for, of the growing new relationship with Browning, the letters in their treacherous secrecy had given no hint. It had been shaken, but it did not cease. Mrs. Browning's rather guilty references to Miss Mitford's probable reception of the news seem to us a little ungracious: they were certainly undeserved. The author of *Aurora Leigh* should have known that it is the offender, not the victim, who is never really able to forgive.

NAOMI LEWIS

THE VICTIMS

The bells ring signal of judgment at last,
Of immediate burning. We are among
The milling crowd to see the sentence passed
And hear each whisper: 'What has he done
wrong?'

Why are we here at all, who know the best?
Is it because we also have no wealth?
Because, like him, we have no purpose left?
(Who stands at all, stands where he placed himself.)

It is our own bells, swinging, will not spare
Our tender hearts. The congregation
Looks at God on the steeple, supreme up there,
Pointing it home after long conflagration.

And we are crushed by it, elbowed and spurned,
Who know each is the priest, the burner, and the
burned.

MARTIN SEYMOUR-SMITH

UNSTABLE GENIUS

The Music of Liszt. By HUMPHREY SEARLE *Williams & Norgate.* 25*s.*

Mendelssohn. By PHILIP RADCLIFFE. *Dent.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Nineteenth Century Piano Music. By KATHLEEN DALE. *Oxford.* 21*s.*

If Mendelssohn is today in need of an advocate, Liszt has always been in that position. In his young days as a virtuoso, he was admired by undiscriminating people for the wrong reasons. This annoyed serious musicians, and the fact that Liszt was himself a brilliantly clever man who knew exactly what his position was worth, did nothing to mitigate the hostility aroused by his ambiguous personality. Almost alone among contemporary composers of genius, Wagner and Smetana had the wits to learn from Liszt's profound harmonic and formal inventiveness; the rest held aloof, leaving it to later generations to take the hints contained in the bald, bold works of the great pianist's old age. Exquisitely drawn, these emaciated compositions display the reflective coldness of a nature that, learning emotional control too late, ended by having very little left to control. There is something tragic about Liszt's disillusionment, which M. André Maurois has described in the phrase "his habitual dignity"—just as there is something tragic in the perfect civility of Mendelssohn's artistic manners, which resulted in the effect of complacency Mr. Radcliffe so justly condemns in a good deal of his music.

Mr. Searle, who is one of the greatest living authorities on Liszt, has confined his book to a general descriptive outline of the composer's development. In this he seems to have been prompted by a belief that the best way to recommend this puzzling artist is to find some excuse for almost everything he wrote. Since Mr. Searle is not only a gifted composer but an excellent musician, it seems a pity that he has so often allowed the advocate in him to oust the critic. There is really no point, at this time of day, in asking, of such noisy and vacuous pieces as *The Chapel of William Tell* and *Orage*, why they are so seldom played—or in describing *Lyon* as "very fine and characteristic." Characteristic it certainly is—but of the early Liszt at his most commonplace and bombastic. Some of us may agree with Mr. Searle in considering the operatic fantasias underestimated; but musicians as a whole will hardly be persuaded of this by a quotation from Kaikhosru Sorabji, to the effect that "Bellini's themes [in *Norma*] never had, by themselves, the grandeur and magnificence that Liszt is able to infuse into them." Again, would it not be better to admit that the oratorio *Christus* is dull, rather than to burke the question by pleading that Liszt "sincerely meant every note of it"? A few fine pages do not suffice to make a masterpiece, and those who have been exasperated by the pietistic insipidity of Liszt's oratorios find it all too easy to retort that, while sincerity in art is of course essential, by itself it is no guarantee of success. Mr. Searle can write trenchantly enough on occasion (he is particularly good on the relationship of Wagner and Liszt), but the desire to be emphatic leads him to abuse of language, as when he asserts that the *Vallée d'Obermann* "is one of the pieces in which the subject really transcends the composer, so that one feels throughout it a feeling of absolute conviction." If a subject "really transcends" an artist, far from inspiring a masterpiece it can only deprive him of the power to make anything of it.

I do not wish to leave the impression that Mr. Searle's book is worthless: far from it. He has the root of the matter in him: his analysis of Liszt's works, supported by comparative illustrations in music type, is useful above all in establishing the continuity of his style, for there are critics (among them the late Richard Capell) who contend that Liszt was always experimenting in form and harmony because he lacked a style of his own. It is true, as Mr. Searle shows, that the later works reveal a completely different

orientation from those written between 1830 and 1850; but none could be by another composer—any more than Mahler's works, though admittedly eclectic, could be by anyone other than Mahler. As Miss Kathleen Dale points out, Liszt remained a romantic to the end: all his music has a vehemently personal flavour; it is the expression of his feelings about this or that, and as such is always very close to the experience which inspired it. The classicist's removal to a safe distance was foreign to Liszt's genius; nor is it probable that he consciously sought perfection—though he sometimes achieved it, in pieces like the *Consolation No.* 3 and the *Valses oubliées*.

One closes this book wishing it had been more carefully written—above all that it had been longer—that Mr. Searle had given himself more room in which to develop the many interesting points he raises. Mr. Radcliffe gives me the impression of having said all he had to say in roughly the same space as Mr. Searle has allowed himself. His study is the latest addition to the Master Musicians series, and without reaching the standard of the best volumes in that most useful library, it is within its limits unexceptionable. The author's virtues as a critic are the opposite of Mr. Searle's: he writes a good style, he knows how to sum up a movement or a whole work in a single, felicitous phrase, and he never tries to sell us the composer wholesale, or to distract attention from his failures. One may sometimes disagree with him—as when he describes the *Octet* as Mendelssohn's finest chamber work—but one never feels his pleading to be special or his censure unfair. He has been briefed for Mendelssohn, and he wins his case, but only by the most scrupulous methods. In this there is inevitably some lack of enthusiasm—a careful avoidance of exaggeration that is admirable but also rather chilling. The open-minded will be satisfied by the book—the final chapter, on "General Characteristics," could scarcely be better—but I doubt whether it will make converts for Mendelssohn, and that will be a pity; for, despite the signs, especially among pianists, of a revival of interest in this composer, the true nature of his genius remains largely concealed from the musical public of today, by the misconceptions of an earlier generation.

Miss Dale's book is subtitled "A Handbook for Pianists," and it consists largely of closely argued analyses of the piano repertory during the long Romantic period. Miss Dale is a scholarly musician, and her admirable account of the differences between the sonatas of Beethoven, Schubert and Weber are underpinned by her knowledge of what occasioned and led up to them. The author states that her book is "designed primarily for pianists who make music for their own delight." The claim is too modest: Miss Dale clearly knows, not only how a piece is constructed, but how it should be played; and those who make music for the delight of others will find the task of interpretation made easier by reading her lucid analyses.

EDWARD SACKVILLE WEST

THE PRE-BUCCANEERS

Forerunners of Drake. By GORDON CONNELL-SMITH. *Longmans.* 30*s*.

It is sometimes supposed that in the sixteenth century England and Spain were "natural" rivals, i.e., that their economic interests were incompatible. The reverse is true. To the economic interests of both countries peace was a necessity; and its interruption, under Queen Elizabeth as under Oliver Cromwell, was in the interest not of legitimate trade but of speculative privateering. What fortunes were made in the City in the golden years of King James's peace! And what wails heralded Cromwell's interruption of it! The basic facts were the same in the sixteenth century. Why then did the peace become untenable, and the war continue so long, under Elizabeth? The answer is that war is seldom made by economic interest: sometimes economic interest is sacrificed to war; but war, once begun, can generate and exploit new economic interests which, once encouraged, can in turn prolong the war. This is what happened in Elizabethan England. How it came about in the economic field is illustrated in detail in Mr. Connell-Smith's admirable study: a model of careful research and scholarly presentation whose title does it less than justice, for it is not only a study of the pre-Elizabethan privateers; it is also (and indeed this is the most substantial part) a study of the legitimate Anglo-Spanish trade which privateering—for a time—both replaced and helped to destroy.

For under the early Tudors, as under James I, this legitimate trade flourished. Henry VII encouraged the English side of it; the "Catholic Kings" of Spain, by their protection of the Spanish wool trade at the expense of corn and cloth, indirectly supported his efforts; and from the Treaty of Medina del Campo in 1489 until the English Reformation the commerce boomed. Spain sent to England Biscayan iron and Andalusian fruit, oil, soap and wine; England supplied Spain with cloth and wheat. London, Bristol and Southampton were the great centres of the trade in England, and much of it was, under Henry VII, in Spanish hands, though Tudor protectionism soon changed that. It is noticeable that these Spanish merchants in England were almost all from North Spain. In Spain, too, in the North, the trade was dominated by native Spaniards; but in the South, in Andalusia, it was controlled by Englishmen. Settled in San Lucar de Barrameda, at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, under the protection of the Dukes of Medina Sidonia, the English had there replaced the exiled Jews as the leaders of commerce. There they prospered and increased, and could even trade, on the same hard terms as native Spaniards, in the royal preserve of the Indies. Unfortunately their very prosperity, combined with the decline of the Spaniards in England, made them into hostages: for the Spanish Crown had more to gain than the English by persecution and confiscation. This was to become clear as the century progressed.

First there was Wolsey's war of 1528, economically disastrous but fortunately brief. Then, more important, came the English Reformation. In the years 1538-40 and again after 1544—when the King of Spain, being temporarily at peace with France, could afford to vent his hatred of the schismatic King—English merchants in Spain were spasmodically sought out, questioned and persecuted by the ever more intrusive Inquisition. Did they dare to suggest that their King was a Christian? Did they dare to rely upon documents in which he was, incidentally, described as Head of the Church of England? Some merchants surrendered, some—like Thomas Pery of Ayamonte—resisted and were tortured; but in general the spasms of persecution were short, responding to the variable barometer of international politics, and the merchants clung on. Even the tortured Pery was soon back in Ayamonte. Religious persecution did not drive out the English traders, but undoubtedly it made their work more difficult, their profits smaller, their lives more hazardous; and by so doing it hastened the next stage in Anglo-Spanish relations: the change from legitimate trade to "privateering" raids, at first, during the Anglo-French War of the 1540s, under the convenient pretence that Spanish ships were carrying French goods, soon—when the weakness of Spanish resistance had been discovered and despised—openly.

The most spectacular of these raids was that of Robert Reneger of Southampton, who turned from the damaged course of legitimate trade to privateering under letters of marque and the protection at Court of the new Earl of Southampton (himself formerly a Southampton merchant). In 1545 Reneger made a premeditated and successful attack, off Cape St. Vincent, on the returning Spanish treasure-ship *San Salvador*. This was a great scoop, and Reneger's success, until the fall of his patron, in escaping any inconvenient

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consequences, encouraged other dwindling merchants to turn privateer. So did Prince Philip of Spain's understandable but mistaken retaliation: for instead of striking back at the privateers he struck at the resident English merchants who were physically at his mercy though legally under his protection. Soon Spanish ships were being attacked not only on the high seas but in Spanish harbours. To the Spaniards it was "worse than open war"; but to the heirs of the merchants trading to Spain it was more profitable than peaceful commerce: a commerce that had been sacrificed to politics and religion. Thus there began, in the 1540s, that "privateering interest" which, thanks to its influence at court, was afterwards, in very different political circumstances, to tip the balance—more than once—in the direction of war.

Such is the subject of Mr. Connell-Smith's book. It is an important book: he has done most valuable work on both English and Spanish archives, has readably presented a most interesting story, and has incidentally corrected some former errors. Only let us not exaggerate. Summing up, Mr. Connell-Smith describes Reneger as "clearly the greatest of the forerunners of Drake." Drake did a good deal more than merely seize, in peacetime, a Spanish treasure-ship. Among other things, he circumnavigated the world. In that he had only one predecessor; and it is unfair to diminish, by such a comparison, the singular achievement of Magellan.

H. R. TREVOR-ROPER

BLUE NO LONGER

Russia's Danubian Empire. By GORDON SHEPHERD. *Heinemann.* 21*s.*

The Soviet satellites in eastern Europe have been less in the news lately. The world-conflict has moved elsewhere; and in any case reliable news about eastern Europe is hard to come by. It is difficult to know which creates more obscurity—the gossip of *émigrés* or the "norms" and "percentages" by which the Communist politicians presumably convey something to each other, though little to us. Mr. Shepherd, who has been observing eastern Europe from Vienna since the end of the war, has written a sensible, well-balanced survey, making the most of the facts there are and keeping his inevitable conjectures within reasonable bounds. His book will appear more novel to readers of the *Daily Telegraph*, whose correspondent he is in Vienna, than to readers of this journal; but even the more enlightened latter class will find little to cavil at and some fresh illumination.

The first chapters, which describe the struggle for political power, are the least interesting. Mr. Shepherd passes quickly over the early stages when the Communists gradually ousted all other parties; and this has certainly been written about already. Still Rakosi, for instance, has been remarkably frank about it, and it would have been worth dwelling on if only as a cautionary tale. Mr. Shepherd speaks hesitantly about the most important shift of power—the Communist action in Prague in February, 1948. Was this, as the popular version now has it, planned aggression? Or was it an improvised defence against a *coup* by the non-Communists—a *coup* that failed? We get on to still shakier ground with the purges among the Communists themselves. Rajk, Kostov, Slansky—what, if anything, had they in common? Mr. Shepherd airs all the theories—western sympathies, "Titoist" nationalism, the wrong patrons in Moscow, perhaps merely personal rivalries. He wisely avoids any firm answer. We do not even know how Moscow issues orders to the satellites—through its ambassadors, its secret agents, or through the party-machine. The Cominform, for instance, has clearly ceased to function. My guess would be that the successful Communist is so attuned to Moscow, like the fathers of the early Church to Rome, that he can change his moods and policy without formal directives at all. But the whole process is guesswork.

There is a clearer pattern in the effects of Communist rule. Mr. Shepherd divides this, the most important part of his book, into three parts. First he discusses the attack on the churches, particularly on the Roman Catholics. This is plain-sailing. Next he turns to the peasants and shows how they are being forced into complete collectivisation. Finally he analyses industrial development, and its effect on the workers. All the satellites, but specially Czechoslovakia and Hungary, are being pushed over into heavy industry; and they are being made increasingly dependent on Soviet supplies. It is a pity that Mr. Shepherd excluded Poland from his book; for this would reinforce the same story. Yet it is an exaggeration to describe the process as Soviet exploitation. The same policy of developing heavy industry and providing a minimum of consumer-goods is being applied in the Soviet Union itself and has indeed always been the basis of Communist policy—or for that matter of any other, which wants to preserve independence in the modern world. It was this policy which Tito rejected when he broke with Moscow; and the result is his increasing need of aid from the west. There is certainly some Soviet exploitation. The Russians buy satellite goods at low prices; and sell their raw materials at high ones. But again this shift in the terms of trade against industrial powers is happening all over the world. The Russians are different only in being more conscious and perhaps more far-sighted in their application of economic trends.

At the end Mr. Shepherd turns to the future. He emphasises that Communists have done many things which every detached observer of eastern Europe knew needed doing. They have broken up the big estates; they have increased the agricultural yield; they have developed industry. None of these things, he says, should ever be undone, when political freedom is restored. This is a worthy sentiment with which we can all agree. But would these things have been done by any other than a Communist regime? And would any other keep them going? Mr. Shepherd has no faith in the *émigrés* of Vienna or Munich who cluster round the Americans. He hopes that in time Russia may withdraw to a purely defensive position, hanging on to Poland and Rumania, and leaving the others to look after themselves. This is possible. What seems less likely is his dream of two federations—a Balkan federation centred on Belgrade, and a Danubian federation of Austria, Hungary and Czechoslovakia, based on Vienna. It is agreeable to suppose that the heirs of Francis Ferdinand and of his assassin Princip will one day join hands to bring peace to east-central Europe; but it is not much more than a dream. Vienna encourages such dreaming; Mr. Shepherd has seen a great deal of the reality from there as well.

A. J. P. TAYLOR

ENGLISH AND/OR ANGUISH

Words and Ways of American English. By THOMAS PYLES. *Melrose.* 15*s.*

Spelling. By G. H. VALLINS; with a chapter on American Spelling by JOHN W. CLARK. *Deutsch.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Words We Use. By J. A. SHEARD. *Deutsch.* 21*s.*

The American Thesaurus of Slang. By LESTER V. BERREY and MELVIN VAN DEN BARK. *Harrap.* 42*s.*

"They order," said I, "this matter better in America," returning to Professor Pyles after sitting in on the lecture-course by Dr. Sheard and down to the neater treatise of Mr. Vallins. It was an unexpected conclusion. At first blush (and the *Thesaurus* has matter for many) the rank growths of U.S. English urge you towards "O what a world of wordy trouble is saved by having an Academy to dictate linguistic reasonableness!" On the first page of Pyles's short history of American he offers 22 terms which "cannot fail" to tell us something of "the American way of life." Stumped by seven, I drew blank on six in

Horwill's *Modern American Usage* (1935); and even the *Thesaurus* leaves me ignorant what *cybernetics* is (or are?). This is antagonising, but who am I to belittle all that has been immigrating into G.B. English—a lengthy list, for which no British ear is reliable: as I am trying to show by putting six of those demoralising invaders into this one law-abiding sentence. (The "pure" alternatives being: *offensive, disparage, insinuating itself, extensive, trustworthy, corrupting,* and ? *irreproachable*.) There may be more ways than one of regarding the contention that American enjoys "a youthfulness of spirit that all the awesome powers of all the teachers and all the textbooks have failed to blight" (Pyles); but its best qualities are unmissable in the philology of Professors Pyles and Clark, and the two English contributors to Eric Partridge's Language Library suffer by contrast.

All these are informative books, and mainly reliable. Pyles makes small slips in his "British," and I trust that Vallins's phonetics is not to be judged by his ei for I (p. 9) or "the vowel we have in *man* (short) and *care* (long)" on p. 29. But whereas the Americans are lively, and write like men conversing to the interested, the Englishmen suffer from that painstaking thoroughness of treatment, that unstudied impersonality of manner, and that implicit remoteness from an audience which seem to mark the sad conviction that there is no way with "English (Lang.)" but the long, hard uphill grind. Their attitudes towards English have a touch of the respectful reserve of the obituary notice.

Dr. Sheard expounds the processes of word-formation, and then follows the usual line from misty Indo-European beginnings through the influences of "Anglo-Saxons," Scandinavians and "Normans" (which covers French down to Chaucer's time), and about two-thirds of his book is word-history before the Renaissance. For the honours student on a Language course it makes an excellent revising-machine, copiously exampled. The "general reader" who "needs guidance which the student finds unnecessary" will find that Dr. Sheard is apt to miss his own cue. E.g. on p. 33 we find, "Latin words adopted into Old English sufficiently early will undergo such sound changes as fronting of *a* to *æ*, breaking, diphthongisation by initial front consonants, and *i*-mutation." As far as the "general" is concerned, Dr. Sheard has delivered something spinning, out of the back of his hand; and he is nearly as unplayable on Ablaut, for those who lack professional training in the nets of London University. Except for those who have been that way before, the book has too little elementary explanation of essential principles.

Spelling follows the long story of the inadequacy of the ABC, which the trenchant Clark calls "irremediably ambiguous and deficient—and, maddeningly enough, at the same time redundant." There are careful chapters on the Principles (all three-quarter truths?), the ancient liberties assumed by our happie and obdurat auncestoures, the sisyphean labors of the Reformers (Orm to G.B.S. and Pitman M.P.), the "fixing" of the language by the eighteenth century; and, in "Style of the House" a most convincing demonstration that in our (printing) House there are (too?) many Mansions. What hope for spelling when even among the experts there is not even a working-agreement on something as trivial as a Hyphen? On this, John W. Clark plays the crisp wristy stroke that brings me round to the American way of linguistics:—"I have never been able to persuade myself that hyphenation and its possible alternatives are of much practical or even æsthetic importance, anyway." One touch of that lively critical mind tends to make Mr. Vallins seem not only patient and thorough, but also rather plodding, undecided, pedestrian. The firmest bit of the whole book is Clark's "brief final observations" at the very end.

A schoolmaster must do his best by the "convention," willy-nilly, and this may explain Mr. Vallins's undecided attitude towards "correctness." On p. 16 a sarcasm is directed at the defence-mechanisms of bad spellers: "It would not be fanciful to say that bad spelling has taken the place of bad handwriting as the badge of intellectual superiority." Later, it is "ironical" that spelling is the only element that is "rigidly fixed"; and by p. 133 the kick is in quite the other direction:—"the queer and indefensible habit still persists of making standard spelling—a mere printers' convention, after all—a measuring rod for literacy . . ."

Duu I concluud Valinz ergez mee t' spel az I pleez if I hav guts inuf t' stand up t'th'werld 'n printerz? But no! he won't have it that spelling is, or should be, sound-notating. Surely if he insists on the visual (the *seenness* of the spelling-form), it follows that bad spellers can be suspected of being either unobservant, or insensitive, or little-read? However that may be, he seems incapable of imagining a past time when language was mainly *heard*, never thinks of a televisionary future when that will again be true, and has no interest whatever in the obvious difficulties of the novelist, playwright or poet who wants to put down and reliably communicate what common speech *says*.

The second edition of the *American Thesaurus of Slang* (first out in 1942) is a jurassically saurian monster whose inwards sway pendulously between the "progress-report" and the "sh** list" (Ref. Army, 884. v. 2). Much of it takes the k.o. from a pile-driver from Pyles:

> What is fittest in language has a way of surviving . . . What is graceless or fraudulent or ponderously "cute" . . . ekes out a banal and colourless existence among the silly, the sentimental, and the addlepated, whose name is legion but whose influence is fortunately small.

Here I might give the fifty words made by affixing an S to words starting with Ex-; but given *sexploration* and *sexhausted*, anyone can go on *sextempore* (which I offer to the third edition herewith). Some of the confusion of contemporary American is shown up when one and the same expression is used for suicide by gunfire, going insane, becoming unnerved, flying into a rage, the condition of delighted listeners to "swing," and as a "sender" or passionate adjuration to musicians trusted to "swing" when properly invoked. I refer to "Blow (one's) top." Anyone who reads this work long enough will assuredly blow his, in one sense or another. But is it this wonderful wealth of verbal fleas that keeps the professorial watch-dogs so lively over there?

A. P. ROSSITER

THE HOSTAGES

The Privileged Nightmare. By GILES ROMILLY and MICHAEL ALEXANDER. *Weidenfeld & Nicolson.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Publishers are shrewd people, and Messrs. Weidenfeld & Nicolson are as shrewd as the best of them; presumably they had their reasons for attaching so garish and banal a title to this very ungarish and intelligent book. The American market? The circulating libraries? They may gain on those gigantic swings, but they will lose, not only on the critical carrousels which take Mr. Romilly and Mr. Alexander seriously as writers, but also on the large roundabouts whose occupants will run their curmudgeonly thumbs through the pages and mutter that the privilege is considerably more in evidence than the nightmare. It certainly is: if it were not the book would be far less interesting.

Take first of all the story. In April, 1940, the Germans scooped up at Narvik a miscellany of English prisoners, and the *Daily Express* correspondent, Giles Romilly, among them. Romilly, they quickly discovered, was nephew by marriage to the Prime Minister; he was kept on ice, first in a civil internment camp and then, after an attempt at escape, in the famous *Sonderlager* of Colditz, where the escape-aristocracy of five nations was herded in explosive confinement. Thus Romilly was the first of the group, collected on a principle of grisly nepotism, which became

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officially known as the "Prominente." He was joined by Michael Alexander, nephew to the Field-Marshal, captured on a gay foray behind Rommel's lines in Africa; the Earl Haig, trapped in his tank in a desert offensive; Lord Lascelles, unfortunate on patrol in Italy; the Master of Elphinstone, nephew to the Queen; Lord Hopetoun, son of the Viceroy of India; and others whom the Germans, in their fantastic ignorance of the British social system, believed would be useful hostages through whom pressure could be brought to bear on the imagined sources of power.

The Prominente, though glad of each other's company, resented their position, and protested against it with unwearying vigour. The line they took, put across as from soldier to soldier, was subtle and successful. They were prisoners of war of the *Wehrmacht*, which had no authority to hand them over for any purpose to any non-military organisation. Their protection thus became a matter of *Wehrmacht* honour. Only in the last days of Germany's collapse did they find themselves in the hands of the SS.; then the general very sensibly disregarded the hysterical instructions from the *Fuehrerbunker* and used them as bargaining counters to secure his own good treatment at the hands of the Allies. But the Prominente, removed from Colditz two days before its liberation, became scattered. Romilly escaped and lived as a civilian in Munich, unnoticed by a society in collapse. Haig and Hopetoun, left sick at the castle of Koenigstein, watched the howling flood of the Russian Army overwhelm Eastern Germany. The remainder, like exotic fish in a tank, were trundled south to the Alps, peering through the glass walls at the *Götterdämmerung* of those Wagnerian fastnesses, and were passed from officer to officer until they came into the hands of a Swiss diplomat and so into those of the American Army. Then 'phone calls to Buckingham Palace, and so home.

The trouble about this unique incident is that there are so many ways in which it can be treated, so much about it that we want to know. A thorough and objective account could be written *à la* Trevor-Roper; but for that one would need not only a description of the adventures of the Prominente but an analysis, from official correspondence and documents, of the development of German policy and intentions towards them, and of the diplomatic aspects of the affair. Whose idea was it? When did it originate? Did Hitler really intend a Carl Petersen *dénouement* ("The swine have got Phyllis! ")? That has all still to be investigated, and it would be well worth doing.

This book does not concern itself with any of these problems. Inevitably it is subjective. But even for a purely subjective treatment the material is uncontrollably rich. The Prominente were, as individuals, not only prominent but interesting and unusual; aristocrats, in defiance of popular belief, so often are. Romilly, who had spent his early youth exploding bombs against the smooth bastions of the public-school system, was already a serious man of letters. Earl Haig devoted to painting all the dour tenacity which his father had displayed in a very different occupation. Lord Lascelles was on the way to becoming the formidable expert whose patronage has since done so much for English music. Max de Hamel, another relation of the Premier, was a theologian, student of Schweitzer, Brunner and Barth. They discussed, on their walks, "Theories of Eddington and Whitehead; aesthetics of opera; expositions of the way in which Rubens, Rembrandt, Vlaminck, Cézanne, Piper or Dawyck (Haig) would have treated a certain view." This Renaissance symposium was kept in order by the serious and martial Elphinstone, who made them shave, dress properly, reminding them of their position and responsibilities; apparently with little effect on Romilly, of whom a German officer inquired, "Is that really the nephew of Winston Churchill? He looks like an *alte Frau*!" And this group of amiable, intelligent, slightly eccentric British gentry were flanked by two men from entirely foreign worlds: General Bor Komarowski, representing the bitter heroism of the Old World, and John Winant, who embodied the innocent bewilderment of the New.

Romilly, an able writer and a profound observer, was clearly fascinated by his companions: he could write a book confined entirely to their personalities and relationships. Out of his own observations on prison life in general, which are among the most honest and poignant that we have ever read, he could write another; and yet a third could be made about the last weeks, when the Prominente were no longer prisoners but dispassionate observers of a collapsing world. This book attempts to do all these things, and is not entirely successful with any of them. To take all this immensely rich material and create from it a work of art doing justice to all its aspects would, however, require the giant skill of Tolstoy. It is no discredit to the authors that they have not succeeded, and that there is a scrappiness, a lack of finish about the work which is not entirely due to its dual authorship. The intrinsic interest of the subject, and the intelligence with which it has been handled, still makes this a remarkable contribution to the literature of the Second World War.

MICHAEL HOWARD

NEW NOVELS

Jumping Joan. By C. H. B. KITCHIN. *Secker & Warburg.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Ash on a Young Man's Sleeve. By DANNIE ABSE. *Hutchinson.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Bella North. By DIANA MARR-JOHNSON. *Chatto & Windus.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The English Flotilla. By HUGH HICKLING. *Macdonald.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Tuning up for the fireside evenings, running in the new antelope-hide slippers and the giant calabash with its automatic nicotine trap, one's thoughts turn to some of the eternal contradictions of fiction. Experience versus imagination; story-telling versus case-history; do you prefer cunning verisimilitude with all flat characters to careless improbability with one or two demi-round ones? The problems of good bad books and bad good books, and even bad bad books that are all too readable. Some of these dilemmas are illustrated by this averagely heterogeneous batch. There is a poet's childhood in Wales, a first novel about an orphan, a war-time epic about the R.N.V.R.; and there are Mr. Kitchin's short stories. We may as well begin with these because they are more like serious fiction than any of the others.

Mr. Kitchin is an interesting case, very nearly a very good writer. I sometimes feel that if his circumstances had been different, he might have developed either into a real old fiction pro, and trimmed some of the superior best sellers, or into a considerable sensitive realist. As things are, remaining a bit of a dilettante, he is apt to fall between various stools, between crime and fantasy, urbanity and spinsterism. There are eight stories in *Jumping Joan*; two or three are almost excellent. *The Maze* is a near-ghost story—telepathy might just conceivably account for it, perhaps—about a woman whose little daughter sees the gardener who was her mother's lover and her own father. The title story gives an impressively detailed and frightful picture of a young clerk in the suburban deserts south of the Thames, who has a gift for faith-healing; the witch-like figure of Joan who lures him to his destruction doesn't quite come off. There is a goodish madwoman's diary, and a useful biographical story, *The Cousins*, about rich sensitive Clare who is brought up with poor, hearty, delinquent Rosamund; both girls have plenty of character but the violent end is out of key. So it is in another story, *No Nice Tea In The Summer House*, in which a middle-aged bachelor, engaged in nursing his wounded ego after having been swindled by a younger man, is bashed by a Broadmoor escapee.

Despite the note on the fly leaf (who wrote it? Take his pen away for a week)—"the author wishes to emphasise that the book is not autobiographical for events and characters have been thoroughly fictionalised,"—*Ash On A Young Man's Sleeve* reads to me much more like autobiography than fiction. Never mind, it reads very nicely, racing along from puberty to adolescence in a lyrical stream. Jumps in time are effected by neat, cinematic cutting; there is plenty of sensitivity but no confusion; you always know who is doing precisely what to whom and exactly where. The scene is Cardiff in the Thirties. It is viewed through the eyes of a lively sympathetic budding intellectual of Jewish parentage. In the early pages the primitive magical thinking of the child mind is quite nicely done; later on the politics of the time, Mosley and Spain, crop up, but naturally and unobtrusively in between sex and literature. Nothing startling happens, except possibly a fit in a train, but there is something happening all the time. There are some odd and touching characters, an invalid Rabbi, and a pathetically drunken neighbour who takes the pledge over his wife's corpse and breaks it the same night. The dreariness and straitened circumstances are faithfully reported but the experience is all fresh and the prevailing impression is one of high excitement. Once again it seems to be a case of Wales for euphoria.

Bella North is almost a didactic novel, and none the worse for that. How gratifying to find that such a sincere and sociable book has some of that compulsive, button-holing readability which one usually associates with expertly spun yarns. Bella, red-haired, moody, and intelligent, is a foundling deposited in the Ladies' Waiting Room at Paddington. The account of her infancy in the Home where the aseptic Matron, struggling with a pretty hopeless staff of Irish half-wits, bans, on grounds of efficiency, the individual displays of affection which the orphans crave, is excellent and genuinely tearjerking. Bella has the usual orphan's compensatory fantasies about her parents and later the shock of learning the truth turns her temporarily into a juvenile delinquent. She steals from her employer, a smart, kind young

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Chelsea matron, is bound over and lives in a hostel where a saintly, but by no means incredible, Miss Hooker has an excellent influence over her. Thus far one feels that her story might have been following a genuine case-history. Her subsequent adventures are rather less convincing. She insists on adopting a totally hopeless friend's illegitimate baby, falls in love with a nice but smooth gynæcologist, discovers she is a beauty, and ultimately marries a shaggy doggy journalist named Rags. After the hard fact of the first two-thirds of the book, this flight into the realm of women's magazine fiction is disappointing; no doubt Miss Marr-Johnson, who is plainly overflowing with the milk of human kindness, wanted to give her foundling a treat.

Novels about closed institutions—schools, hospitals, prisons, regiments, ships—are nearly always easy to read, but by no means always good. *The English Flotilla* is a case in point. Its hero, Lieut. Falconer, commander of a Landing Craft, starts off by being such a cad it simply isn't true. He cheats at cards when playing with midshipmen, cheerfully drowns two tank crews through negligence, tries to dodge his responsibilities towards a Wren he has seduced, and toadies like mad to his Flotilla Officer, another howling cad. His sudden regeneration is equally inexplicable. He distinguishes himself on D-Day, whereas another Landing Craft commander, a rich homosexual, cracks up and becomes hysterical. I wish I could analyse his fascination for I read every word of his adventures with ease, and they are not at all well written; there may be one of the secrets of fiction waiting to be probed here.

MAURICE RICHARDSON

A HAUSA AUTOBIOGRAPHY

Baba of Karo. By MARY SMITH. *Faber.* 25*s.*

Baba of Karo was a Moslem Hausa of northern Nigeria, born in about 1890. Her father owned slaves—not very many, however, since he had to go into the fields himself to help tend the millet and guinea-corn. Anyone might become a slave. Baba remembered those days, before the British arrived, when small but brutal wars and raids happened every year. A party of raiders might go quietly through the countryside and carry off whole families, selling them as slaves in the neighbouring emirates. Baba's co-mother Rabi was kidnapped in this fashion: her family paid a ransom of 400,000 cowries (about £9), but Rabi died before she could be taken home. For such large quantities of cowries, you had to sew up mats and pour the cowries in: "One mat, twenty thousand cowries; that was a man's load, and a strong man would soon get tired of carrying it. Now you see eight shillings in your hand like this!"

When she was a child, Baba was given to her "grandmother" (really her great-aunt), a dreadful old woman:

> "A'i who scolds, A'i who scolds,
> A'i who beats, A'i who curses!"

as the boys sang about her, behind her back. Baba's parents at last took her away and kept her at home, where she teased her grandfathers who would give her millet-balls to eat, or throw cowrie shells for her to buy ground-nuts with. She married at 14, as a Hausa girl should: gifts were made, the betrothal ceremony carried out, and as she was rubbed with the traditional henna she cried and wailed. Why?

> "From this year you won't go dancing,
> You'll only dance on the path to the river,"

as the bride's friends must always sing to her. Such a song makes the bride angry and she'll cry even more.

Baba divorced her husband after three years, quite simply: she told the chief that she didn't like the hamlet where she was staying and preferred the town. She hadn't wanted to marry that husband anyhow, but had been forced into it by her family; now she married the man of her choice, and didn't cry on her marriage day because she liked him. He was a *malam*, a teacher, besides being a farmer: when the corn was harvested he and Baba, who was not kept secluded as some wives were, would go on a long journey through the country with his twenty pupils, teaching and talking. Baba left him after fifteen years because she had no children. "Even now I love him and he loves me. When I go to Zarewa to see my kin, I stay for three months in his house: he and his wives are always asking me to come back." But she never went back, even after her next husband died, leaving her childless. Instead she went to live in the compound of her younger brother Kadiri. His wife made porridge for her and, "you see, I can always lecture Kadiri and he has to listen."

Baba, though she had no children of her own, adopted as many as she could, brought them up and married them off. And what dowries her daughters might get! "There were about two hundred metal and enamel bowls and plates, about twenty cloths, two sacks of rice, two sacks of guinea-corn, one sack of *wasa-wasa*. There were twenty-five bottles of oil, a basket of locust-bean cakes and a basket of salt. . ." Such detail is typical of Baba, who had all an old woman's love of fact and of the proper way of doing things. When she told the story of her life, she told that of the Hausa too, in a way to make an anthropologist jealous: and Mrs Mary Smith, who wrote it down, here presents it, admirably set out. But you needn't be an anthropologist to enjoy it.

FRANCIS HUXLEY

SHORTER REVIEWS

Trial of John Thomas Straffen. Edited by LETITIA FAIRFIELD and ERIC P. FULLBROOK. *William Hodge.* 15*s.*

This trial is unique in legal history, in that a Broadmoor patient was tried for murder and sentenced to death. If Straffen was mad enough to be sent to Broadmoor in the first place for killing two little girls at Bath, how could he be sufficiently sane to be convicted of murdering a third little girl during the afternoon he escaped from the institution nine months later? The plain answer is that Straffen was never insane within the rigid definition of the out-of-date M'Naghten Rules, but a certified mental defective for whose irresponsibility the lawyers make no allowance, although every one else in the country does. Straffen was, of course, reprieved (no certified mental defective has been hanged since the first Mental Deficiency Act was passed in 1913) and the trial therefore was a waste of time and money except to prove that he had killed the little girl. Still good may come of it, if this absurd example of the conflict between modern medical knowledge and outworn legal theory leads to a change in the law. The editors of this volume wisely suggest that mental defectives should be allowed to claim "diminished responsibility" in murder cases, as they have been for the last eighty years in Scotland.

Talking of Shakespeare. Edited by JOHN GARRETT. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 20*s.*

This is a collection of eleven lectures on Shakespeare by various hands. All have been delivered at Stratford-upon-Avon under the auspices of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre during the last six years, and they are here collected and introduced by Mr. Garrett, who organised the courses of which they formed part. It is not to be expected of a symposium of this sort that it should very notably add to knowledge—but at least it suggests a mildly entertaining paper-game. "My acquaintance with the acting of Shakespeare's plays began in this theatre" is plainly Mr. Michael Redgrave's opening. But who starts "How can I possibly do justice to so vast a subject in so short a space?" The answer is Mr. A. L. Rowse. It will be found in general that dons begin either with modest disclaimers ("This lecture would be given under false pretences if . . .": the Rector of Lincoln) or unassuming aphorisms ("The complex of talents needed in the writing of a play is obvious enough to everybody": Mr. Nevill Coghill). Other openings are the forthright ("Let me briefly tell you what this paper is *not* about": Mr. Paul Dehn), the shuffle ("To begin to speak about William Shakespeare as a poet means asking the most difficult of all questions: What is poetry?": Mr. Patric Dickinson), the cosy ("One afternoon, at Lady Ottoline Morrell's house in Gower Street, half a dozen of us . . .": Mr. L. A. G. Strong), and the professionally deft ("*First, my Feare: then, my Curtsie: last, my Speech*": Mr. A. P. Rossiter). Endings may also be investigated. Whose final paragraph reads simply "The miraculous moment was over?" Can it be Mr. Rowse again?

But the book is not without more substantial interest as conveying something of the amazing diversity of concerns with which men approach Shakespeare. Mr. Dehn pauses in discussing the filming of the plays to remark that the Freudian aspect of Hamlet's mother-fixation "may tactfully be explained to any pupil who is old enough to know the Oedipus story." Professor Dover Wilson, addressing himself to *Richard III*, reminds us that "the nature of Q1 . . . was first satisfactorily settled in 1936 by Professor Patrick of Arizona." And Mr. Norman Marshall, in what is surely the outstanding contribution, gives a delightful account of carrying Shakespeare to France, Germany, Italy, India and Western Pakistan.

Oranges and Lemons. By GLADYS TAYLOR. *Peter Nevill.* 15*s.*

"The Rhyme and the Churches" is Miss Taylor's sub-title; and very engagingly she picks a way from one to the other, taking in older and newer variants of the rhyme, bell-ringing, Sir Christopher Wren, the Great Fire and the Blitz, and the churches themselves, sometimes with more claimants than one to a name. Which St. Clement's, for example? The island shell in the Strand, guarded by Johnson at one end and Mr. Gladstone at the other, has gained precedence; and now that it is only too open to inspection, if not to visitors, is the time for making a journey to the other St. Clement's, in Eastcheap. Miss Taylor will have prepared us for the reredos, the hexagonal pulpit, scrolls and cherubs, and the chimney-piece, probably Gibbons, in the vestry. Here Pearson delivered his *Exposition of the Creed*, and a benefactor provided for two turkeys on every Thursday night before Easter, at an annual reconciling or Love Feast: when the last lapsed, we are not told.

This book will appeal to any zig-zag reader (and perhaps irritate the more austere one) by its odds

Life in Russia

Vice-Admiral LESLIE STEVENS, U.S.N.

We regret that owing to an error in proof-reading, the price of this book was announced as 35/- net. It is in fact 25/- net, and will be published in November.

LONGMANS

PERSPECTIVES 8

Edited by F. W. DUPEE

Contributions by

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS (*Play*); VICTOR ZUCKERKANDL (*Music*); PAUL J. TILLICH (*Philosophy*); WILLIAM ALEX (*Architecture*: *The Skyscraper*); JEAN STAFFORD (*Story*); ROBERT FITZGERALD (*Criticism*).

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THIS WEEK—CANNES RADIO FESTIVAL

and ends of enthusiasm and gossip, and especially by its quotations. "Thou poor pale piece of outcast Earth in Darkness! What a change from yesterday!" begins one epitaph in St. Leonard's, Shoreditch, that may make us sigh for our own soapy manners towards the departed; as may also, when it comes to tenderness, the following "floor slab in memory of some unnamed children," at St. Helen, Bishopsgate:

Silent grave to thee I trust
These precious piles of lovely dust.
Keep them safely sacred tomb
Till a father asks for room.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,279

Set by Thomas Smallbones

Competitors are invited to write 150-200 words of dialogue which will include, and distinguish the shades of meaning in, the following five words: *legal, legitimate, lawful, licit, licensed.* Entries by September 7.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,276

Set by Thomas Tusher

The usual prizes are offered for an appreciative tribute to Colette, voiced by any one of her characters, human or animal.

Report by Thomas Tusher

A small but discerning group of admirers accounted for an entry that was at once both devout and entertaining. Though the animals predominated, there were some impressive human tributes from Colette's frailer and greater creations. I regretfully had to relegate "Buckwheat's" delightful Chéri to the limbo of honorary mention, for the tone was somehow out of character, and I was forced to do the same with T. L. Poynes's topheavy Léa. Chéri's mistress would never have been so drearily Teutonic about her emotions. Giles Blagrave tried a five-barred gate in seeking to reproduce that intrepid horsewoman and life-lover, Julie de Carnilan, but came a cropper in his last three lines.

After some anxious thought, I have decided to award Kay Dick two guineas for turning in just the kind of archetypal tribute I was after. Terence Melican gets two guineas for originality, and the remainder of the prize money is to be divided between the Kiki and Toby faction.

COLETTE PAR ELLE-MÊME

La femme que j'étais? Claudine, Renée, Léa, Colette,—elle est là dans toutes mes pages. Actrice, spectatrice, gourmande de la vie. Voyez-vous j'ai bien su tenir, observer et révéler le moment—n'est ce-pas? Utiliser la vie n'est pas si simple quand on considère avec quel précision nous sommes nous-mêmes utilisés. Les simplicités ont des clartés déceptifs, et l'expérience, une affaire assez pratique, peut surprendre, particulièrement quand l'instinct, l'imagination et le mot juste s'y occupent. C'est ainsi que j'ai passé ma vie, moi. La curiosité est devenue ma préoccupation, et cette obsession que j'ai eu pour l'amour, eh bien, ça m'a tenue à mon métier pour un demi-siècle. J'ai le gôut du voyage, mais cependant ce dernier départ me fais mal-au-gorge. Souvenez-vous que j'étais femme qui savais bien boire la champagne dans l'après-midi. Et, c'est un détail, mais, j'étais jolie fille.

KAY DICK

TOBY-DOG (*puzzled*)

I've just heard Her say to Him, "Good God, Colette's dead!" What does that mean?

KIKI-THE-DEMURE

I refuse to become entangled in anthropomorphic theology; but surely you remember Colette—how They took us in the carriage to see her? (*Dreamily*) In the wild woods she was, on the slopes of far mountains—

TOBY-DOG (*literally*)

No, she was here in Paris—I remember distinctly!

KIKI-THE-DEMURE (*ignoring him*)

—but she was very nice to Them. To us she didn't have to be nice, for she was one of us. All Their curious code of right and wrong (which They don't stick to anyway) was clearly Greek to her. It was *our* sense of good (*curls up on a cushion*) . . . and evil; our wild loves; our untamed suffering; even *your* unsophisticated emotions, Dog . . . all these were hers.

J. P. STEVENSON

KIKI-THE-DEMURE

Cheer up! You'll get over it.

TOBY-DOG (*indignant and miserable*)

You're an unfeeling wretch. How shall I ever live without her, the dearest and most beautiful thing in the world? She was too wonderful and complex for me to understand, but she understood me and loved me, and I—I worshipped her. What hours of anxious ecstasy I spent reading the subtle changes on her face! How I have basked in her smiles and wriggled with delighted embarrassment when she frowned! When she caressed me, my soul melted in bliss; and when she tormented me with the subtle, incomprehensible teasing she loved, the sweet pain of it was almost more happiness than I could bear. I never knew what to expect from her next, except that, whatever it was, it would make life more exciting, more desirable.

KIKI-THE-DEMURE

Yes, she wasn't a bad sort—for a woman.

ALLAN M. LAING

TOBY-DOG MOURNS

You think She's asleep; but at this very moment She's in the kitchen garden, picking the white strawberries that smell like squashed ants. She's under the tunnel of roses breathing the oriental and almost edible scent of a thousand winey roses that have blossomed in the sunshine of a single day. She's sitting on the warm rock at the other side of the dell, and on the low, scented pine branch of the silvery pine-tree. Though She lies so still with her eyes closed, She's on every lawn and close to every tree and flower. Like a phantom blue as the air, She leans out of all the windows of her vine-clad house at the same moment. Her spirit courses along the veins of all the leaves, strokes the velvet of all the geraniums and the varnish of the cherries. That's how She manages to lie so quietly with closed eyes; her hands may look empty but they enclose and tell over all the slow, golden moments of this pure and lovely day.

M. CALLAGHAN

BÂ-TOU *was an African panther, or ounce, from the desolate regions around Lake Tchad.*

Colette was certainly the best of these fierce and treacherous creatures with whom my lot has been thrown, and I suppose it was inevitable that some of the others would eventually take her away from me. I have always regretted their success. Life in the Zoo is dull, and I feel sure that she too would have found it so if they had managed to get both of us here. I suppose this was what they intended.

What I liked about her was that she seemed to share all my pleasures, and even improved on them. I showed her, for instance, what a delight it was simply to beat the water in a bowl with one's paw so that it flies high overhead and may land absolutely *anywhere.* How proud and pleased I was when she found a huge bowl for herself, and actually got *into* it to splash! Who but she has ever understood me so well?

She was, pre-eminently (as they say here in Rome) *sympatica.*

TERENCE MELICAN

CHESS: He Ran Too Late

No. 256

There is nothing more pleasing in Chess than a sound strategic idea carried through in spite of tactical pitfalls and difficulties; and even if it just fails to materialise owing to one small tactical slip, there is scant cause for self-reproach when one's opponent happens to be a grandmaster such as Geller. That was Broadbent's lot in his second game of the recent match. Defending a Nimzo-Indian and choosing O'Kelly's line in the Sämisch variation, here was—as he kindly elucidated for our benefit—his strategic idea: he would build up the solid Q-wing position germane to that variation; he would wait for White to start the obvious attack against the castled K; he would then march his K out of danger over to the Q-wing palisades; and he would finally launch his counter-attack against White's compromised K-wing. Sound and clear-cut strategy! Now see how the first two acts of that 4-act drama ran precisely according to plan.

(1) P-Q4	Kt-KB3	(10) P-K4	Kt-K1!
(2) P-QB4	P-K3	(11) B-K3	P-Q3
(3) Kt-QB3	B-Kt5	(12) O-O	Kt-R4
(4) P-QR3	BxKt ch	(13) Kt-Kt3	R-B1
(5) PxB	P-B4	(14) P-Q5	P-K4
(6) P-K3	P-QKt3	(15) P-B4	R-B2
(7) B-Q3	B-Kt2	(16) P-B5	P-B3
(8) P-B3	Kt-B3	(17) Q-K2	B-B1
(9) Kt-K2	O-O	(18) P-KR4	R-Kt2?

That was when Broadbent's K should have started running. Unfortunately he delayed the departure until the going was no longer good, and hence the last two acts failed to run according to plan. (But they were none the less thrilling.)

(19) R-B2	B-Q2	(32) Kt-B1	R-K1
(20) P-QR4	Kt-B2	(33) R-R7	Q-B1
(21) Kt-B1	Q-K1	(34) Kt-Kt3	Q-K2
(22) B-B2	P-KR3	(35) Kt-R5	R-Kt1
(23) P-KKt4	K-B2	(36) B-R6	Kt-K1
(24) P-Kt5	RPxP	(37) K-B2	Q-B1
(25) PxP	K-K2	(38) B-Q3!	BxRP
(26) R-KR2	R-KR1	(39) Q-K3	B-Q8
(27) Kt-Q2	R-QKt1	(40) KtxP!	KtxKt
(28) RxR	QxR	(41) BxKt	Q-K1
(29) K-Kt2!	R-KB1	(42) BxP ch	K-B1
(30) R-KR1	Q-Kt1	(43) Q-R6	B-R5
(31) P-Kt6	K-Q1	(44) R-K7	resigns

Apart from dawdling over the departure of his K, Broadbent's only tactical slips were two miscalculations; he could not dispute control of the h-file, nor could he dislodge the B from h6, prior to the crash on g7.

A: Y. Geller 1950

Fittingly, the 4-pointer for beginners is yet another triumph of Geller's: a game position in which, playing Black, he was threatened by BxKtP, followed by RxB. He calmly ignored the threat and forced an elegant win in a few moves. How? **B**—White to draw—is a very neat little endgame study, not too difficult for 6 ladder-points. As for **C**—White to win—this may be almost a bargain for 7 points if I add the helpful hint that here, too, it is a matter of a K making a judicious little run.

B: G. Bernhardt 1954

C: A. Akerblom 1927

Usual prizes. Entries by September 6.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

No. 253. Set August 7

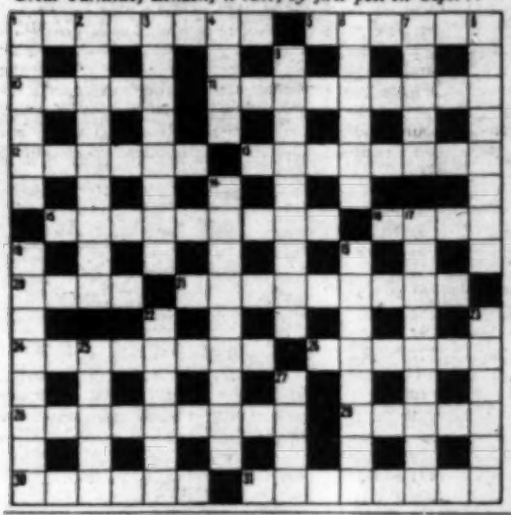
A: (1) R x Kt ch, K x R. (2) Q-R8 ch, K-B2. (3) B-Kt6 ch, K-K3. (4) Q-K8ch, K-Q2. (5) B-B5 ch.
B: (1) P-R7, K-Kt2. (2) Kt x P, K x P. (3) Kt-R6, P-Q7. (4) Kt-Kt4.
C: (1) P-B6, K-Q3. (2) B x P, Kt-Q7 ch. (3) K-K2, Kt-K5. (4) B-K5 ch, K-Q2. (5) P-B7, K-K2. (6) K-K3 etc.
if (2) . . . P-K4. (3) B-B5 ch, K-K3. (4) B-Kt4, K x P. (5) K-K2 etc.

Well over a score of correct solutions. George Dickson, aged 14, shares prizes with a nonagenarian and an octogenarian (T. J. Simmonds and E. W. Carmichael) as well as with H. Brachfeld, one of our Belgian competitors and with W. M. Hancock.

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 115

Prizes: Three book tokens of 15s. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 115, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on Sept. 7.



ACROSS

1. Widow of Bath needs some support after the evils of Latin (8).
5. A dagger secreted in the blouse (6).
10. A painter gives advice (5).
11. Playwright who has a Frenchman as vocalist (9).
12. It occurs in menus as often as sausages (6).
13. You may know the back twitches with the parasites inside it (8).
15. Peak currency rule (6, 3).
16. Observe part of a tree (4).
20. Dimness of a philosopher without his oral (4).
21. Grow thin, although it sounds as if you may have dined with the Premier (9).
24. Failure puts everyone back into the wood (8).
26. Ernest could be a writer (6).
28. Fight to be expected in a gin palace? (9).
29. "Blow me about in winds! —— me in sulphur!" (*Othello*) (5).
30. Many are in the womb of time, said Iago (6).
31. Praise in front of the dead queen in Switzerland (8).

DOWN

1. The importance of having a word about people (6).
2. Cricketers, not tea intervals (9).
3. The snags of mining? (8)
4. Nationalised electricity? (4).
6. Restraint for the railways on strike (6).
7. Reasoning puts a soldier in place (5).
8. Trunk containing a woman with a Roman mantle (8).
9. An orator society ranks below me (9).
14. Fantastic, like an ancient historian? (9).
17. For a period in the waggon it holds water (9).
18. Waste away, although I arrived climbing and had some food (8).
19. Birds shine among pals (8).
22. A horse-shoe, perhaps, for the old lady's home (6).
23. Alight in Yorkshire (6).
25. Oriel is all to pieces in the river (5).
27. Before climbing a mountain (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 113

PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 113

Mustapha Hassan (*Khartoum*), *R. Lee* (*Wimborne*), *Rev. C. H. Owen* (*Walton-on-the-Naze*).

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./13s. 6d. B. & B., wkly terms arrg.

LONDON. York House Private Hotel. 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. B. & B. from 15s. daily.

HOTEL Res. Sgle. fr. 3gns. wk. Dble. 5gns. inc. bkfast. H. & C. Tel. Porters. Resnt. White Park, 9 Lancaster Gate, W.2.

ASHLEY Court, 7 Leinster Square, W.2. Phone BAY. 4253. Lux. Serv. rooms, bed, breakfast, dinner optional. Moderate.

ATTRACTIVE furn. flat for 2. Central. Top floor. £6. After 29th: WEL. 2397.

ARTIST, flourishing freelance in advertising, has good studio to share with another. Box 570.

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CHARMING Divan-room. Private flat. C.h., c.h.w., use kit., available end Sept. 3½gns. BAY. 1533 after 6. Box 537.

S.W.17. Furn. rm. 30s., ev. conv. Lady pref. BAL. 6461 bef. 11 a.m. after 6 p.m.

HAMPSTEAD Heath, 24 terminus, young couple offer sunny room 20' × 15'. Gas grill. £3 p.w. inc. C.H.W. Good 4' 6" divan. Available mid. Sept. Box 520.

LARGE sunny except. well-furn. divan-sit., 3 mins. Highgate Tube, Village. (City/WE 15 mins) c.h.w., ckg. facs., use tel. All races skg. peace, privacy welc. but pref. aways w/e. 2½gns., min. 6 mths. MOU 7114.

ADAPTABLE tenant(s) needed major part Chelsea flat. Owner seldom occupies pied-à-terre. 4gns. p.w. Box 395.

SHARE flat offered woman & child. Mutual sitting-in. Possibility free rent return some child-minding. Box 440.

MUSICIAN and family offer share in large flat to non-musician. Large room with alcove. £3 6s. p.w. Swiss Cottage. Box 366.

BEDSITTER exchange take/fetch children school, some sitting-in. SPE. 3948.

LARGE div.-rm., bkfst., gas ring, use bath. 4 mins. Tube. SPE. 3948.

FURN. Bed-sitt. Own gas cooker. Use bath & 'phone. Herne Hill, S.E.24. Box 394.

BOOK critic & wife offer single room, fr. Sept. 5. 45s. 6d. HAMpstead 8109.

ST. John's Wood. Comf. room, bfast., bus. gentleman only. CUN. 7085 morn./eve.

WEST Kensington, W.14. Several small furnished flats to let. 4½-7gns. per week. Cookes & Burrell, opposite West Kensington Station, W.14. FULham 3101.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

COMFORTABLE bed-sitt. room, newly decorated, every convenience, bath, 35s. per week incl., private house, Brondesbury. Prof. or bus. lady. 'Phone WIL. 5221.

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MAIDA Vale Tube; nicely furn. rm. sun. delight all ament. Gent. CUN. 5452.

LARGE newly furnished room to let. Attractive. Quiet. Ring STA. 5085.

LOVELY sgle. & dble. bed-sit. rms., use kit. Nr. Kilburn Tube. HAM. 2132.

HIGHGATE Village. Large, sunny bed-sit. room in quiet house for woman teacher or graduate, use of kit., own 'phone extension. Rent 37s. 6d. MOU. 5619.

BEDSIT. overlooking Square, cent. 45s. Shared or sep. hsekpg. REL. 5564 evgs.

FLAT to let furnished until mid-October, 3 beds, kit., bath, C.H.W., gdn. Nr. Barnes Common. £4 10s. wkly. FIN. 1824.

2-ROOMED furnished s/c. flat, kit./bath. Chelsea. 4gns. Box 111.

N.5. Lge. pleas. twin bed-sit. Elec. ckr. 27s. 6d. each incl. elec. Box 488.

PRETTY, quiet bed-sitting room overlooking garden; own bathroom, cooking facilities. Old Hampstead. £2 p.w. Box 9919.

SUNNY bed-sitting-room (basement), good kit. & bathroom facils., in graduate household. £2. WEStern 4295.

WELL-furnished Flat to let, 2 bedrooms. One double, one single, large living-room, bright kitchen, bathroom, part central heating, c.h.w. Near Henley's Corner. FINchley 0850.

SELF-contained furnished flat to let now for 6 months. Two rooms, kitchen, bathroom. W.1 Mews. 4gns. Box 610.

MODERN single furn. room newly dec., cooking facil.; 'phone, etc. W.1. Ring WEL. 3921, 9.30-5.30, weekdays.

N.W.3 and 8. Furnished and unfurnished flats wanted and to let. The Flat Finder, 5 Pond St., N.W.3. HAM. 5804.

FULLY equipped bed-sitting rooms. Young people preferred. Bromley, Kent. Easy access London. Ravensbourne 0533.

ONE paying guest offered comfortable home, unspoilt country 20 miles London on North Downs. 4gns. wkly. Box 496.

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HEBRIDEAN Winter. Small comfortably furn. cottage on small island (15 inhabitants), 2gns. wkly., Oct.-March. Mails weekly, weather permitting. Long let preid. Children welcome, school avail. Box 447.

DOCTOR, research, impecunious, desperately needs unfurn. flat. Box 446.

UNIV. lecturer, wife, req. s/c. accom. Preferably unfurn., reach of City, mod. rent. Please write to D. H. Martin, 3 Bexhill Road, Eastbourne.

ARCHITECT, Bachelor, seeks unfurnished accommodation to make into flat-cum-office. Any condition. Preferably in area Chelsea to Paddington. Box 485.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

COUPLE with sm. child wd. like meet others sim. posn. view obtain & share lge. flat. Mutual baby-sit. etc. Box 321.

PIANO student (f.) requires accom., London, Sept. 20, board optional. Ref. Poulton Vicarage, Cirencester, Glos.

CAMBRIDGE medical student, reading for Finals, requires accommodation with family, convenient for Central London. Box 576.

WOMAN graduate requires furn. friendly accom. W. London, moderate. Box 574.

POSTGRAD. student and French-speaking Colonial wife urgently require 2-room furnished flat, London. Box 544.

WOMAN lect. reqs. part furn./unfurn. sm. flat. Cent. Lond. preid. Box 481.

YOUNG lady reqs. bed-sit., H.C., cooking facils. Kensington/Bayswater. Personal freedom essential. Box 445.

BUSINESS ladies require end Sept. furn. flat, 2 rooms, own kitchen. Use bath, tel. 15 mins. Bond Street. Not exceeding 4gns. Refs. Box 311.

MISANTHROPIC bachelor seeks furnished s/c. flatlet in civilized but central district of London free from juvenile and other noises. Would consider sharing with another who may have accommodation he finds too large. Quiet essential. Box 506.

WATERPROOF studio required with living accom. for painter and wife. Reasonable rent. London area. Box 540.

DR. & wife req. furn./unfurn. s/c flat Oct. 1. Conven. Maudsley Hosp. Box 408.

SMALL unfurnished flat or equivalent sought by architect (unmarried) in Central London. Small amount f. & f. or will improve from existing accommodation if rent moderate. Box 438.

SGLE. m. 27 shs. accom. w/w'out. serv. walking dist. Foreign Office. Box 531.

YNG. married schoolmaster reqs. s/c. f./unf. accom. London area. Box 442.

GENTLEMAN, good tenant, seeks furn. flat London, W. Separate bedroom and sit.-room. Details and price: Box 486.

NEWLYWEDS require a 3-roomed flat wherein to raise a brat. Box 402.

YNG. woman social worker/musician seeks unf./pt. furn. rms. Hampstead. Box 404.

RURAL cottage wanted sleep 2, October 1-14, Sussex pref. Box 406.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

THIS month's Penguins—Thousand and One Nights—Trans. by N. J. Dawood (2s.); Cheri and The Last of Cheri—Colette (2s.); The Long Escape—David Dodge (2s.); Wife to Mr. Milton—Robert Graves (3s. 6d.); Come Away Death—Gladys Mitchell (2s.); Penguin Classic: Zola: Germinal—Trans. L. W. Tancock (3s. 6d.); Puffin Story Books: Enjoying Paintings—A. C. Ward, Going to the Ballet—Arnold Haskell, Going to a Concert—Lionel Salter (2s. 6d. each); Penguin Poet: Matthew Arnold (2s. 6d.). Complete list from Penguin Books, Harmondsworth, Middlesex. American readers write 3300 Clipper Mill Rd., Baltimore, Maryland.

THE Facts on Electricity—new book "Power and Prosperity" gives the full picture of Britain's electricity supply today and tomorrow. Illustrated, 122 pp. obtainable through W. H. Smith & Son, Ltd., price 1s. or 1s. 3d. post paid from British Electricity Authority, P.R. 30 N.S., Winsley St., London, W.1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

WEST German elder statesman, ex-Chancellor Dr. Josef Wirth, explains the dangers of E.D.C. and rearmament in "Germany and Europe," September Labour Monthly (Special T.U.C. Number). Order 1s. 6d. all newsagts. Or postal subs. 9s. from N.S., 134 Ballard's Lane, London, N.3.

"COMMUNITY"—International Quarterly. July number articles on "A Language Without Metaphor"; The Tragic Vision in Emily Brontë; A Democratic Opposition in Ceylon; "The Meaning of Treason"; "Asia and an Awakening America"; Poetry, etc. 2s. 6d. post free. Annual Subscription 10s. Through bookshops or 13 Macleod Rd., Colombo 4, Ceylon.

ARE You Poisoning Your Husband? Read Your Synthetic Food in the current number of "The Farmer" (incorporating "Wholefood" and including "The Gardener"). Also "Stomachs to Spare"; "Antics with Antibiotics"; "Are You a Food Crank?" "Who is Dizzy?" and many articles of vital concern to all except the apathetic and over-apenised. 2s. 6d. a copy. 10s. p.a. post free. Ed. by Newman Turner from Ferne Farm (N), Shaftesbury, Dorset.

"THE Linguist," the language paper for experts and beginners, includes "Typical Conversations" in five languages, Pages for Practice, "Translator's Commentary," Competitions and articles. 1s. monthly from newsagents, or 13s. 6d. yrly., including postage to any country, from The Linguist, 20 Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1.

"THE Nation," America's leading Liberal Weekly. Subscriptions £2 16s. 3d. yearly, may be sent through the Publisher, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Specimen copy on request.

FOR Your Week-end Readings in Decadence try "The Yellow Book" (Pub. 15s., now 5s. 9d. post free) or "The Best of Beardsley" (Pub. 25s., now 7s. post free), and other bargains from Wm. Jackson (Books) Ltd., 102a Southampton Row, London, W.C.1. Hol 5824.

FOR Sale: "Diary of World Events," 9 volumes, indexed, 1931-1954. With renewal Keesing's subscription. Box 398.

L. SIMMONDS, 16 Fleet Street. CENtral 3907. Books bought in any quantity. Libraries purchased. Standard sets. Good technical books also required.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd., W.14. FUL. 7924.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 38a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAL. 3030.

SOCIALIST and all good books bought. Hammersmith Bookshop, W.6. RIV. 6807.

READERS' MARKET

FOR Sale: Commons Hansard, daily August, 1945, to July, 1948, weekly 1948 to date, one daily issue missing—good condition, offers?; Antique Mahogany Tall-boy, £35, view London; Piano Music, all periods, books, best offer.

WANTED: Borkenau, Rosenberg, Trotsky; Records by Josef Hassid; Artists' Materials (brushes, easel, canvas, etc.); Second-hand set French Language gramophone records; Double-end Pram, reasonable condition (viewable London or South).

Send no money or goods in reply to the advertisements, but write first to N.S. & N. Readers' Market, Great Turnstile, mentioning advertisement and details (separate letter for each item). Charges under this heading, 2s. first word, 10d. a word after, including forwarding replies.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

THE University of Manchester. Applications are invited for the post of Assistant Lecturer in History with special interests and qualifications in Medieval Economic History. Salary scale £450 to £550 per annum with membership of the F.S.S.U. and Children's Allowance Scheme. Applications should be sent not later than September 18, 1954, to the Registrar, the University, Manchester, 13, from whom further particulars and forms of application may be obtained.

EXPERIMENTAL Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1954, but forms should be returned as soon as possible as an earlier closing date may be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Interview Boards will sit at frequent intervals. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences; (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy; (c) Biological Sciences; (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including, e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age limit: For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1954; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1954. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1954 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Salary (London):—Experimental Officer £720—£890 (men); £625—£760 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer £290 (at age 18) to £645 (men), £545 (women). Starting pay up to £520 (men) or £490 (women) at 26. Somewhat lower outside London. Promotion prospects. Further particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, 30 Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-95/54.

EAST Riding of Yorkshire County Council. Appointment of Psychiatric Social Worker. Applications are invited for the appointment of a Psychiatric Social Worker on the Council's permanent staff. Candidates must hold an approved Mental Health Certificate. Salary scale £500×£20—£640 per annum, or £470×£15—£500×£20—£640 per annum according to experience. The conditions of service will be in accordance with those laid down by the appropriate Whitley Council Duties will include attendance at the County Child Guidance Clinic and also at the Broadgate Mental Hospital by arrangement with the East Riding Group Hospital Management Committee; work connected with the Council's functions under the National Health Service Act, 1946, and such other duties as the Council may from time to time determine. If the successful candidate is in possession of a motor car, a mileage allowance will be payable in accordance with the Council's approved scale. The appointment will be superannuable. Applications giving details of age, qualifications, experience, etc., together with copies of not more than three recent testimonials, should be addressed so as to reach the County Medical Officer of Health, County Hall, Beverley, as soon as possible. Canvassing will be deemed a disqualification and candidates should state whether they are related to any member or senior officer of the Council. Thomas Stephenson, Clerk of the County Council, County Hall, Beverley.

LONDON County Council requires qualified and experienced Child Welfare Officer (Temporary in first instance) initially for duties in connection with Wood Vale, Elder Rd., S.E.25 (home for 278 children, 5-15 years), including rehabilitation and providing contacts for friendless children and involving liaison with 9 area children's officers. Salary £541 17s. 6d., rising to £701 5s. Applic. forms (s.a. f'cap envelope) from Children's Officer (CH/A.1./1022), County Hall, S.E.1, returnable by September 25.

CHILD Care—Two Housemasters and Housemothers, Class II (married couples), reqd. to take charge initially of cottages for about 40 children at Hutton Res. School, Hutton, Essex (L.C.C. home for 500 deprived children, 5-15). Trg. and/or expce. essential. H.O. res. child care cert. advantageous. Salary: Housemaster, £510×£19 2s. 6d. to £605 12s. 6d. Housemother, Class II, £408×£12 15s. to £471 15s., both less £94 0s. 8d. for board, etc. Limited accom. only. Applic. forms and details (s.a.e.) from Children's Officer (CH/A2/1066), L.C.C. County Hall, London, S.E.1

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Talks Producer in Home Sound Broadcasting to be concerned with talks and discussions on economics and international finance. He should be able to keep abreast of developments in this field, initiating and planning relevant broadcasts with outside contributors, carrying out preparatory work and production at the microphone. Wide interests and good education (University level) essential, also first-hand knowledge of economics and fiscal matters generally. Legal or journalistic training and experience, competence in writing or editing scripted material and interest in broadcasting as a means of discussing presentday problems would be useful. Appointment on grade with salary £870 rising by 5 annual increments to £1,175, or £1,085 rising to £1,465 p.a., according to qualifications. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "370" N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Television Publicity Officer who will be responsible to Chief Publicity Officer Home for Television broadcasting publicity in directing work of Publicity Officers who prepare material for the Press. Work entails contact with Television Directorate and heads of Television broadcasting output departments concerning Television broadcasting policy and preparation of publicity material. Good organising ability, knowledge of B.B.C. activities in Television broadcasting field, journalistic experience (particularly ability to write well) and capacity to build and maintain good relations with Press and with Television broadcasting staff are necessary qualifications. Salary £1,370 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by 5 annual increments to £1,800 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "366," N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

B.B.C. requires Assistant in Central Establishment Office to investigate problems of organisation, methods, staffing and post grading both of complete departments (as member of a team) and of individual posts. Work entails visits to all types of departments, personal interviews, analysis of evidence and preparation of reports. Objective, analytical mind, wide interests and varied experience in exercise of judgment in collection and assessment of information essential. Education preferably of University degree standard. Salary £1,085 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional), rising by 5 annual increments to £1,465 maximum. Requests for application forms (enclosing addressed envelope and quoting reference "376," N.Stm.) should reach Appointments Officer, B.B.C., Broadcasting House, London, W.1, within 5 days.

ASSISTANT Programme Organiser required by Uganda Government for Department of Information for 1 tour of 30/36 months in first instance. Salary scale (including present temporary allowance of 35% of salary) £742 rising to £1,201 a year. Commencing salary according to experience. Outfit allowance £30. Provident Fund. Free passages. Liberal leave on full salary. Candidates must be capable of undertaking production, script writing, and planning of English and African programmes, arranging auditions of potential artists, making local recordings and assisting on outside broadcasts. Experience with a Colonial Broadcasting Station would be an advantage. Write to the Crown Agents, 4 Millbank, London, S.W.1. State age, name in block letters, full qualifications and experience and quote M3B/34516/NJ.

KENT County Council requires Senior Welfare Officers (men or women). Applicants should hold a Social Science Diploma or other appropriate academic qualification. Experience in administration and child care work essential. Salary from £620 to £710. Candidates appointed will be required to undergo medical examination. Appointments subject to the provisions of the Local Government Superannuation Act 1937. Application form and particulars from Children's Officer, County Hall, Maidstone. Closing date, September 13, 1954.

STAFFORDSHIRE County Council, Children's Committee. Appointment of Resident Foster Mothers and Children's Attendants/Assistant Foster Mothers. Applications are invited for the above mentioned posts in Children's Homes in various parts of Staffordshire. Further particulars and an application form can be obtained from the County Children's Officer, 23 Greengate Street, Stafford. Please quote reference G. T. H. Evans, Clerk of the County Council.

CENTRAL Middlesex Group Hospital Management Committee. Tavistock Clinic, 2 Beaumont Street, W.1. Psychiatric Social Worker in Sole Charge required to join team engaged in research into the Effects on Personality Development of Separation from the Mother in Early Childhood. Experience with mothers and young children desirable. Salary on Whitley Council scale. Applications, with names of three referees, to Group Secretary, Central Middlesex Group H.M.C., Acton Lane, London, N.W.10, by September 13, 1954.

CLUB Leader required in September or early October for Girls' and Women's section of Pleasance Trust Social Centre in Edinburgh. House available. Write with qualifications to Box 428, Woolward Advertising, 86a George Street, Edinburgh.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HIGH Wick, Tyttenhanger, St. Albans, Herts. Applications are invited for the following resident appointments at the above Home for psychotic and grossly maladjusted children: House Mother, S.R.N. Essentials for this worth-while work are previous experience with children, initiative, humour, understanding and abundant energy. Salary and conditions of service according to Whitley Council Scale. Junior Assistant House Mothers (2). A worth-while career is offered to young girls of 18 years or over who are fond of children, willing, adaptable and energetic. Apply for further particulars and forms of application to the Group Secretary, Mid Herts Group Hospital Management Committee, Bleak House, Catherine Street, St. Albans, Herts.

MENTAL Deficiency. Applications invited from trained social workers for appointment as assistant local organiser under the Mental Deficiency Acts in L.C.C. Public Health Dept. Duties include visiting and reporting on mental defectives living in their own homes. Social science qualification, knowledge of typewriting and clerical work, and some experience of social work desirable. Salary £478 at age 24—£637. Application form from Medical Officer of Health (PH/D1), The County Hall, London, S.E.1, returnable by Friday, September 10 (1093).

CASEWORKER required by Bristol Council of Social Service for personal service work on large housing estate. Additional opportunity as member of Bristol Social Project team to lead family discussion groups and case conferences. Salary £550 p.a. Social Workers' Pension Fund. Further particulars from the Secretary, Bristol Council of Social Service, 4 Berkeley Square, Bristol, 8.

FAMILY Service Units require resident caseworkers, both men and women, for the extension of their pioneer work with problem families in Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Bristol, London and other parts of the country. Apply F.S.U., 159 Westbourne Grove, London, W.11.

WANTED, a young man to live in a group of maladjusted but intelligent boys aged 15-18 years. The post will demand energy and patience, a real liking for the company of boys, and a capacity for informal observation and control of the group. Applicants should have had a good all-round education and be capable of teaching individuals or small groups. Apply giving details of experience and academic qualifications to M. A. Fitzgerald, Tilton, Nr. Battle, Sussex.

ASSISTANT House Mothers, resident, wanted for interesting work in Children's Homes with boys and girls aged 3-15 years. Training or previous experience desirable, but not essential. Minimum salary £26 10s. month, less valuation for emoluments. Separate bedrooms and good holidays. Apply Children's Officer, County Hall, Chelmsford.

APPLICATIONS are invited from well-educated persons of good social background for senior posts on appeals staff of important Anglo-Israeli organisation. Candidates should possess initiative, originality, outstanding organising qualities, ability to address meetings, flair for publicity, thorough knowledge British Jewry and Israeli affairs. Write in confidence to Executive Director, Technion Society of Great Britain, 39/41 James St., Wigmore St., London, W.1.

COMPETENT woman with Child Care Certificate reqd. as House Mother in small school for emotionally disturbed children, S. Devon. Gd. needlewoman essential. Box 416.

YOUNG & active Senior Assistant Master for September to teach French &/or Latin & English in Boys' Prep. School, South Bucks. Must be able to take part in & coach games. Possibility of teaching post for wife. House provided. Box 470.

SURREY Education Committee. Sheephatch Camp School, Tilford, nr. Farnham. Required, Mistress for Domestic Science. This post is residential and free board and lodging are offered in return for supervisory duties. Salary, Burnham Scale. App. form obtainable on receipt of S.A.E. from Chief Educ. Officer, County Hall, Kingston-on-Thames.

YOUTH Leaders wanted for Co-operative Youth Movement local groups—Playways (7-11 years), Pathfinders (11-15 years), and Youth Clubs (15-20 years)—meeting one evening weekly for about 45 weeks a year commencing September. For application form and further details write, Education Department, South Suburban Co-operative Society, Ltd., 62 Croydon Rd., Penge, London, S.E.20.

BODENHAM Manor School, Bodenham, Nr. Hereford. House Matron required for Special School for 30 maladjusted boys and girls. Salary £250 per annum plus emoluments. Warden, W. David Wills. Apply to The Secretary, 23 Laburnum Road, Bournville, Birmingham, 30.

HEAD Cook wanted for boarding school in Yorkshire. Salary up to £300 for well-recommended person. Eight weeks' holiday annually. Wennington School, Wetherby.

PART-TIME caretaker required for evening classes in London. Specially suitable for male student as ample time for study. Box 487.

SHORTHAND-Typist/Secretary required by General Secretary of professional trade union. Commencing salary £7 12s. 6d. per week. Apply Box 462.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

WANTED, trained graduate coach Entrance English, French, Latin 4 mornings p.w., pleasant divisions average 5 girls, aged 10-15, London. Box 336.

REQUIRED: young teacher or stud. (male) to guide 11½-year boy in his homework, 3 weekday afternoons or 2 weekdays and Sunday mornings. (Hampstead.) Apply Box R.307, 110 Old Broad St., E.C.2.

STAFF able to care for young healthy children required for Sarah Laski Children's Home. Congenial post. Apply Matron, 38 St. Mary's Road, Manchester, 8. CHEatham Hill 2058.

VACANCIES at Collet's, 45 Museum Street, W.C.1. Two clerk/typists, 18-21, for Ordering Dept. One junior with some office experience for duplicating, circularising, etc., 18-20. Salary and conditions according to newly-revised C.A.W.U. Agreement. 'Phone for appointment, CHA. 4756.

WOMAN physics graduate reqd. end Sept., for perm. full-time or part-time work, W.1. Write Box 403.

WARDEN (resident full-time) for reconstructed Community Centre on London housing estate, opening Autumn. Salary scale £500—£20—£600, together with flat on premises. For full partics. and appl. form, returnable by Sept. 8, apply Box 559.

MOTHERLY woman wanted to keep house for Univ. lecturer (f.) and 4-5 col. women students. N.W. London. Box 461.

MNFRS. req. female clerk. Must be good at figures, knowledge Book-keeping and able to type. Should be able to work on own initiative. Apply: Kane Products, Ltd., 79 Leghorn Rd., N.W.10.

AMERICAN Jewish Welfare Organisation requires competent and experienced stenographer and typist for secretarial post in N. Africa (Casablanca or Tunis). Knowledge of French desirable. Post also calls for initiative and sense of responsibility. Good salary and cost of living allowance. Immediate availability essential. Write Box 557.

DIRECTOR of small West End company requires intelligent and efficient secretary. Good shorthand-typist essential; must have initiative. Salary £9 per week. Box 421.

SHORTHAND and Copy Typists wanted for interesting temporary work by the day or week. Generous salary and bonuses. Apply Staff Manager, GERrard 1069.

PART-time secretarial help wanted for socialist organisation. Must be competent shorthand-typist. Box 569.

INTELLIGENT girl wanted for production and advertising office of well-known manufacturers, W.2 district. Typing and knowledge shorthand essential. Interesting work, five-day week. Salary according to age and qualifications. Write, stating experience and salary required, to Box 456.

SHORTHAND-Typist (Female) required for Westminster District. Varied and interesting work in pleasant, friendly atmosphere. Commencing salary £7 10s. 6d. per week, rising to £8 10s. 6d. per week. Hours 9.30 a.m. to 5.15 p.m., alternate Saturdays 9.30 a.m. to 12.30 p.m. Superannuation provision. Write, giving age and particulars of experience, to Box 466.

STELLA Fisher Bureau, 15 Strand, W.C.2. All office staff, perm. and temp. Typewriting; duplicating. TRAfalgar 9090.

ST. STEPHEN'S Secretariat, 2 Broad Street Place, Finsbury Circus, E.C.2, & 316 Vauxhall Bridge Rd. (near Victoria Station), welcomes temporary sh./typists & copy typists. Salary up to 9gns.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

GENTLEMAN, wide international experience, seeks English representation for Germany. Box 429.

ENGLISH-German-speaking man, wide linguistic ability, cultural and sociological interests, seeks post where these interests and abilities will be of use. Box 414.

SUITABLE offer secures services young writer/broadcaster (London). Part/full-time. Graduate linguist Oxford. Box 517.

LADY, export trade experience, linguist, etc., seeks suggestions for representations, excellent overseas connections. Box 430.

WORK, full- or part-time, requiring neither lies nor subservience: abilities (e.g., write and read well) unused in 16 jobs. M., 22, human. Box 545.

ARCHITECT (m.), 34, seeks change. Can drive, do any repairs, type, cook; travelled Europe, ex-radar (R.C.A.F.). Consider anything. Salary secondary. Part- or full-time. Suggestions. Box 546.

LADY, vegetarian, domesticated, cook, interested in gardening and cultural pursuits. Box 554.

YOUNG man (26), qualified Musician, seek small post teaching Harmony, Theory Pianoforte, etc., or would assist Music Master A few years' private teaching experience only. Would accept small pay for opportunity of widening experience. Anywhere considered. Write BM/DIATONIC, London, W.C.1.

QUAINT personality, intriguing mind: girl (24), Scot, Hons. Eng/psych., exper. sec./journalism/teaching, some acting/speech training, desperately hunts job. Box 308.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED—continued

GERMAN girl (30) reqs. job after 4½ yrs. with one family. Art educ. Munich, pref. art job; other work consid. Box 508.

MAN sks. job on non-feudal farm. 10 yrs.' exp. horses, tractor, cattle, etc. Wife exp. typist. Oct., poss. sooner. Box 448.

WARDEN Universalist International Centre, seeks post (not in cities), mainly non-sedentary, home or abroad. Age 26, grad. in econs. & geog.; 'liberal' deist, but no church. Formerly forestry, commerce, Army educn. instructor. Box 503.

EXPERIENCED secretary free occasionally. ARC. 1765/MOU. 1701.

EMPLOYERS requiring well-trained junior secretary/shorthand-typists are invited to apply to the Langham Secretarial College, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2905.

WHERE TO STAY

MULLION, South Cornwall. Mount's Bay Hotel offers every comfort. H. & C. and spring interior mattresses. Cocktail lounge (Club Licence). Open all the year. Resident Proprietors Mr. & Mrs. R. Poynter.

VISIT the Lake District to see its glorious Autumn colourings. Highfield Vegetarian Guest House, The Heads, Keswick, set amongst beautiful lake and mountain scenery, offers comfort, good food and friendly atmosphere. Anne Horner. Tel. Keswick 508.

DEVON & Cornwall. Ideal for late summer holidays. Friendly Guest Houses at Dawlish and Newquay. Exceptionally good value. Free brochure 18: Bishop, "Pairfield," Dawlish. Telephone 2151.

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, nr. East Grinstead. At Kathleen Batten's comfortable hotel on the edge of Ashdown Forest you can have whatever kind of holiday you want. There is freedom, peace or stimulating talk in the club if you want to join in. Sharpthorne 17.

HILL-lovers offer hospitality in converted farmhouse, beautifully and remotely situated in heart of Welsh Mountains near Llyn Geirionydd. Modern comforts, very good food and fires. Friendly and informal. 5/6gns. George & Elaine Bonner, Penrallt, Trefriw. Telephone Llanrwst 166.

CORNWALL, St. Ives. Vegetarian Food Reform Guest House, highly recommended, in warm and sheltered position overlooking Hayle estuary. Central heating, h. & c. all rooms. Home-grown produce. Ideal winter holidays or residence. Mr. and Mrs. Woolfrey, "Woodcote," Lelant, St. Ives. Tel. Hayle 3147.

HORSTED Keynes, Sussex. Keynes Place, a charming country guest house offering a friendly atmosphere and excellent food, in an unspoilt area of open heath, woodland and hammer ponds of the Sussex Weald. Easy access London and Brighton. Moderate Terms. Brochure on request. Ashley Courtenay recommended. Tel.: Danehill 326.

DEVON. "Fontenaye" Gsthse., Combemartin 428. Min. sea. Sept. vacs.

BEXHILL. The Thorne, Ninfield Road (Ninfield 212). Country House, spacious grounds, near sea. Own produce, preserves, poultry. Homely. Recomm. Write brochure.

A LATE Summer? Usually many sunny days Sept./Oct. A few vacs. at congenial P/Hotel in S. Coast resort noted for mild climate. 5½/7½gns., incl. full bd., early tea, gratuities, etc. Meat/Vegetarian. Used by readers. Brochures free. Normanhurst, Sea-front, St. Leonards, Sussex. Best pos. 3-mile Prom., facing full S. opposite covered walk; nr. Sun-Lounge orchestra. Own beach tent. 'Phone Hastings 4784.

KENT XVth century farmhouse in wooded Downs with orchard & meadows. Ideal walking country. Full bd. £5 wk. Elmsted 353. H. Kemp, Little Gains, Elmsted, Ashford.

PENARTH. "Vegetarian Guest Ho." Rectory, S. Wales coast. Ideal situ. Pleasnt. hol. resort. O'lkg. sea. Attractive caterg. Brochure.

PEAK District, Ridge Hall, Chapel-en-le-Frith, quiet, homely. Brochure.

N. CORNWALL coast. Cottage Guest Hse. Sands 5 mins. H. & C. No extras. Clifton Cottage, Treknow. Tintagel 272.

THE Continental (recommended by Labour Pty.), St. Leonards-on-Sea. Hastings 4571.

JUSTINS Country Guest House, Bodiam, Sussex—with spacious, sunny rooms in secluded position close by historic castle, welcomes guests from Aug. 28. Buses pass drive. Terms from 21s. daily. Tel. Staplecross 228. Mr. Grahame James.

EDINBURGH. Accommodation assured or arranged. Atholl Hotel, 16 Rothesay Place, 3. 'Phone 31905.

BETWS-y-Coed District. Picturesque house beautifully situated above the colourful mountain Valley of the Lledr. Modern comfort; continental cooking. From 7gns. Bwlch Bach Guest House, Pont-y-Pant, Dolwyddelan, Caerns. Dolwyddelan 220.

SWANAGE. Veget. Guest House overlkg. sea. Continental ckg. Children welc. Vacs. Broch.: "Waveney," Park Rd. Tel. 2804.

BIDEFORD, North Devon. "Coombe Walter," Abbotsham. Guests received (picnic lunch, from July to October). Terms from 5gns.; also furnished flat to let, suitable for quiet couple. Mrs. B. M. Harris.

WHERE TO STAY—continued

ROTTINGDEAN, Nr. Brighton. Famous old seaside and downland village. Old Norton House, on the old-world Green. Friendly atmosphere, good food, sunny rooms. New, but already with a reputation. From 6gns. Brochure. Prop.: D. Chapman, M.P.

WORTHING—delightfully situated home of poet Henley, acre sheltered garden. Bedside lights, fires, H/C. Ample fare, varied, well cooked, well served. Own produce, garage and parking. No extras. 6-7½gns. St. George's Lodge, Chesswood Rd. Tel. 2621.

LAKES Charm, old mans. Beaut. view. Mod. con. Reas. Croft Hotel. Ambleside 2334.

BEAUTIFUL Sussex. Relax in peaceful countryside within reach Eastbourne. Good food. Comfy beds. Spacious grounds. Te Whare Hotel, Horam. Tel. 32.

RYE. The Hope Anchor. R.A.C., A.A. approved. Licensed. Secluded walled garden. Superb position in a lovely centre for holidays. Rye 2216.

LITTLE Guide to Britain's recommended Village Inns, Hotels, Farms, Guesthouses. The Bide-a-While Book, 3s. 6d., postage 3d. Victor Hilton (NS), Harbourside, Torquay.

IDEAL for late Autumn holidays, "Chantry Mead," Hatfield Heath, Nr. Bishop's Stortford (Hatfield Heath 263), offers good food, comfortable bedrooms with H. & C. & gas/elec. fires; cosy evenings round the fire.

ISLE of Wight Guest House, own beach, safe sea bathing, 23 acres (5 reserved for nudism). H. & C. electric light, indoor sanitation, fresh-water pool. Reduced terms children. Brochure (stamp) from N. S. Critchard, Woodside, Wootton, Ryde, I.W.

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PERSONAL

CONVENIENT office, London, S.W.1, to let 2 days a week, 25s. Box 312.

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PERSONAL—continued

SEPTEMBER Holiday? You may be lucky with the weather and you will certainly find congenial company on our parties to Italy (Sept. 4 and 18), Spain and Majorca (Sept. 12 or 25), Southern Ireland (Sept. 12) or Cornwall (Sept. 18). Erna Low, 47(NS) Old Brompton Rd., S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

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MY target is not "just what the publicity agent ordered" but if his aim is integrity rather than flashy charm, you may find you have hit it with a photograph by Anthony Panting, 30 Abbey Gardens, N.W.8.

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SPAIN, Tossa, Sitges, 15 days, small mixed informal unherded party, Mid-September. Spain Travel, 19 Woburn Square, W.C.1.

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PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. KENsington 8042.

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PERSONAL—continued

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ROOM, part board, in modern well-appointed London home in return for occasional baby sitting and little help. Suit student. Box 542.

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OXFORD 20 mins. Home offered to prof. man or woman with one child. Pleasant old house & garden. Box 514.

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ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

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EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until Aug. 29: "Whisky Galore" (A). From Aug. 30: "Trio." (A). From Sept. 2: "The Browning Version" (A).

NATIONAL Film Theatre. South Bank. WAT. 3232. Sat., Aug. 28. Harold Lloyd in "Feet First" (U). 2, 4, 6, 8. Open to public.

PEOPLE'S Pal. ADV. 3520. Sun., Aug. 29, 7.30. "Adorable Creatures" (X) France.

"SONG of the Man." British Première Bulgaria's latest and greatest film (35 m.m.). Epic of Vaptsarov, Hero-Poet of the Resistance, in the presence of H.E. The Bulgarian Minister. Also Bulgarian songs and dances. 10th Anniversary Celebration Bulgarian Liberation. Wed., Sept. 8, 7 p.m., Islington Town Hall. Seats guaranteed ticket holders. Apply Society for Friendship with Bulgaria, 42 Tavistock St. W.C.2. Adm. free.

"WOZZECK," brilliant drama from E. Germany and "Kingdom on the Waters," prize-winning Hungarian nature-study in colour presented by Ilford New Era Film Soc. (Val. 8406) at "Little Theatre," High Road, Ilford, 7.30 p.m., Sun., Aug. 29.

CONCERTS

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts. Diamond Jubilee Season. Royal Albert Hall. Nightly (Sundays excepted) at 7.30 until Sat., Sept. 18. Tickets: 8s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d. at Hall (KEN. 8212) and Agents. 2,000 Promenade (with seating for 440), 2s. 6d., available nightly at doors only.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

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BULGARIAN Books, Journals & Handicrafts, "Books from Abroad," exhibitions, 2nd series, open daily (no Suns.), 11-6.30. Sept. 1-28. Collet's new Book Gallery, 44 Museum St., W.C.1. Lectures Mondays, 7 p.m., in the Gallery. Adm. free.

GERHARD Marcks. Open-air exhibition of Sculpture. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Closes Sept. 4. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6. Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

THE Coffee House, 3 Northumberland Avenue, W.C.2. Paintings by Daniel Carter. August 22-Sept. 19.

I.C.A. Gallery, 17-18 Dover St., W.1. "Items for Collectors"; sculptures, paintings and drawings. Daily 11-6. Closed Sundays. Adm. free.

ZWEMMER Gallery, 26 Litchfield St., W.C.2. Artists Under Forty. Aug. 5-Sept. 11. 10 a.m.-6 p.m. inc. Sats.

IVEAGH Bequest, Kenwood, London. Exhibition of early Wedgwood. Admission free. Weekdays 10-7, Sundays 2.30-7. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green stations.

SCULPTURE In The Open Air. Holland Park, Kensington High St. Daily 10—dusk. Admission 1s. 3d., Children 9d.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton Street, W.1. Selection from the Young Contemporaries. First Sculpture Exhibition, H. Dalwood.

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LECTURES AND MEETINGS

ABBE Pierre, Odd Nansen, Prof. Josué de Castro, the Hon. K. A. Gbedemah, Prof. Alexander Haddow, Jim Pitman, M.P., and the Rt. Hon. Clement Davies, Q.C., M.P., speak at World Government meeting, Central Hall, Westminster, Thursday, September 9, 1954, at 7 p.m., Chairman Gilbert McAllister. Admission free. Reserved seats 5s. and 2s. 6d., available from Secretary-General, World Association of Parliamentarians for World Government, 21 Hampstead Lane, Highgate Village, N.6.

RENOUNCE the H-Bomb. Emrys Hughes, M.P., Victor Yates, M.P., John Hoyland, Stuart Morris, Rev. Francis Noble. Chairman: Sybil Morrison. Trafalgar Square, Sat., September 4, 3 p.m. March to the Square with the London Pipe Band. Assemble 1.45 p.m. 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1. Org. by Standing Joint Pacifist Cttee. EUS. 5501.

ANY Questions following Trafalgar Square meeting, Sat., Sept. 4, Westminster Friends Meeting House, St. Martin's Lane. From 5 p.m. Buffet Tea, Peace Exhibition, Bookstall, Films, 7 p.m. Brains Trust: Emrys Hughes, M.P., Martin Dakin, Rev. Clifford Macquire, Stuart Morris. Question Master: Sybil Morrison. Admission Free.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

NATIONAL Book League, 7 Albemarle Street, W.1. (HYD. 9001). "Literary Quiz." Paul Bloomfield's Team v. Daniel George's Team. Quizmaster: W. B. Stevenson. Thurs., Sept. 2, 7.30. Members 1s. 3d., non-members, 2s. 3d. (incl. coffee).

AFRO-West Indian Club, 245 Harrow Rd., W.2. Sat., Aug. 28, 7.30-11.30. Barn Dance. Mems. 3s., guests 3s. 6d. Sun, 29th, 7.30. Debate. Motion: Money is better than Education. Plus social till 11 p.m. 1s. 6d. ea.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wed., Sept. 1, 7.30 p.m. Gwilym Williams: "The Challenge of Television." St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.1. Visitors 2s.

NEVER Again! Hear Gordon Schaffer explain why, after Geneva, German rearmament still remains the vital issue, Chairman: Bill Ellerby. Friday, Sept. 3—anniversary of outbreak of second world war—7.45. British-Polish Friendship Society, 81 Portland Place, W.1.

THE Linguists' Club. Niddry Lodge, Campden Hill Road, W.8. September 4 at 6 p.m. Mr. Peter Harrison: "The British Theatre to-day."

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre: Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Holborn, Thurs., Sept. 2, 7.30: Exposition of the Bhagavad-Gita. All welcome.

YOGA, Caxton Hall. Lectures will resume Tuesday, Sept. 7, 6.30—"The Inner Light." Arranged by Shanti Sadan. Admission free.

UNITED Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2. Public Lecture, Sundays, 8 p.m. August 29: "Perennial World Problems."

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. 7.15 p.m. Tonight, Friday, Aug. 27. Closed. Friday, Sept. 3. Andrew Bowden, "Housing." Adm. free.

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NEW Towns week-end conference at High Leigh, Hoddesdon, Herts., Sept. 10-12, with lectures and visits to Stevenage, Hemel Hempstead and Harlow, incl. charge, £3 3s. Also, day visit to Crawley, Sept. 18, 12s. 6d. Details from the Ethical Union, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, W.8.

FOURTH World Parliamentary Conference on World Government at County Hall, London, Sept. 4-10, 1954. Full particulars from Secretary-General, World Association of Parliamentarians for World Government, 21, Hampstead Lane, Highgate Village, N.6 (FITzroy 0088).

CASEWORK Seminars for Qualified Social Workers: The National Association for Mental Health will hold a series of ten (10) weekly discussion groups on case-work, beginning on October 14, 1954. For further particulars apply to General Secretary, 39 Queen Anne Street, London, W.1.

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